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## IMMORTALITY.

### I. FROM THE CHRISTIAN STANDPOINT.

It is thought by many that the great question suggested by the title of this essay—viz., that of survival after death, is not among the most pressing problems of the age; that for once at any rate the highest and the most practical point of view coincide, and that to "leave the world a little better than he found it," to add some iota of material benefit, of scientific knowledge, or of philosophic truth to the general store accumulating through the passing generations for the generations yet to come, is at once the wisest, the most feasible, and the most unselfish aim that a man can set before himself. Regard for a life beyond the grave, an ordering of the present life so that the interests of this larger life to come may be subserved, is looked upon somewhat askance and dubbed as "otherworldliness," a mere recrudescence under a specious form of selfish individualism. Even Christian Ideals have been modified by this prevailing tendency of thought. The amelioration of the "life that now is" has become a foremost—we might almost say the foremost—aim of the Churches, social regeneration being apparently the one watchword they have in common, the one ground on which they consent to bury differ-

ences and unite forces for the general weal.

There is unmixed good in this widespread and practical recognition of the Golden Rule, this frank acknowledgment that we are our brother's keeper, and that it is folly and worse than folly to preach to his "immortal soul" while no effort is made to raise and purify the conditions in which his mortal body pines and languishes. So much is unquestionably true, and the crusade against ignorance, under-payment, overcrowding, foul air, vicious surroundings which the earnest-hearted in all Christian bodies support and pursue in unison (to their honor be it said) with many who obey the maxims while they repudiate the dogmas of "traditional Christianity," is more worthy of the name of "holy war" than any which has preceded it in the annals of mankind.

And yet this appreciation of the value of life now and here, of its possibilities, of the seemingly cruel and unnecessary obstacles which lie in the way of their fulfilment, has its own dangers. Not to speak of those which are more purely spiritual, the fact that so large a proportion of hope, effort and desire are concentrated on the life that now

is, is productive of an over-eagerness for visible results which is apt to defeat its own end. There would be less of the unrest, the unwise haste, the disappointment, which too often characterize and impede workers in the cause of social regeneration if they were able to realize that even in the case of individuals there is a larger hope, a wider outlook than this present life affords. And indeed such an encouragement is sorely needed by those who know anything of its conditions to the majority of human beings living under the sway of our boasted Western civilization. They cannot, save in the case of a few irresponsible enthusiasts, deceive themselves into the belief that the vast problems involved, the radical changes necessitated, will even be faced by a general determination to deal with them in the comprehensive and thorough-going manner which alone could avail, in the lifetime of the present, in all probability of more than the present generation. And if in the end the Utopia of their dreams is realized, and peace, sufficiency, and the means of full self-development are placed within the reach of all, there yet remains that tale of ruined lives and uncompensated suffering through which its attainment will have been achieved. Even were full social regeneration capable of immediate accomplishment, individual life would not be rendered satisfactory.

Another consideration demands attention. It is the fact that under present conditions, even when, as human experience goes, they are altogether favorable, man never appears to himself to attain the true zenith of his powers. There is always a beyond which could quite conceivably be reached were this or that limitation, perhaps the universal one of the shortness of life, removed. The old man may indeed, owing to the very decay of vitality which causes it, acquiesce calmly in the arrest of his powers, but would he do so before decay has touched him, when body

and mind are still in full vigor and activity? Let each man in possession of the *mens sana in corpore sano* ask this question of himself. And indeed if the first half of the condition alone be fulfilled, it is hard for a man to give up the hope of achievements for which he feels full mental capacity on account of physical infirmity, whether the latter be due to age or illness. Those who have read the Letters of J. R. Green will remember the pathetic exclamation uttered when it was supposed he had but six weeks to live: "I have so much work to do." As a matter of fact his frail life had yet two years to run, and he accomplished—kept alive, his physician said, more by sheer force of will than anything else—the chief part of the task which lay so near his heart. But can it be doubted that even then his intellectual power was unexhausted, and that had it not been for physical limitations and premature death, far more would have been successfully attempted? The same remark applies with even more force to one whose death came with a shock of surprise to friend and foe alike: "So much to do, so little done," are reported to have been the last words of Cecil Rhodes, who in his fiftieth year had to leave unfinished at a peculiarly critical period a gigantic task to which perhaps no other living man is equal. Nor are such cases exceptional, save in the particular of unusual talent and energy. We have but to run over in our minds the list of our personal friends and acquaintance, and we shall find that in the case of successful and unsuccessful alike a falling short of possibilities is the rule. So and so has done well, but he might have done so much better if—and then follows the inevitable qualification; or such another would have succeeded, but he was overweighted by poverty, or family cares, by ill-health, or by some other of the ordinary hindrances of ordinary life.

Again there is the injurious effect on

others than the individual immediately concerned which this individual limitation occasions. The statesman who is lost to his country's councils just when she is most in need of him, the mother who is snatched from her children at the age when they chiefly require her care, and the loss of whose tender watchfulness in early years is felt to the end of life, the father whose counsel and ripe experience would have been invaluable to the son just setting forth on his career, but whose voice is silenced by Death at the moment when it seemed indispensable, these and countless other instances are so familiar and so often dwelt on that even to mention them savors of the trite. Each time, however, that they enter into a living experience they are felt with the same keen and bitter strength as though they were the first sorrow of the first man.

Social regeneration is no panacea for these things. It cannot secure to the individual the certainty that his powers shall ripen to their full development; that work which he has undertaken shall be accomplished, that his life shall last long enough to shelter, till shelter is no longer necessary, the lives dependent on him; that the desires either of affection or intellect shall come even near to satisfaction.

And if it is thus with the successful,—for so far it is chiefly those whom the world would deem successful that we have been bearing in mind, in whose case there has been at any rate a partial fulfilment of their best potentialities—what shall be said of the unsuccessful, of the world's failures, of the incurably diseased, vicious, miserable, who might have been so different had their environment been different, who, had the halcyon days of social regeneration fallen upon them, would at any rate have attained an ordinary level of virtue, decency, satisfaction? Does it content us to regard them as the necessary sacrifice to the well-being of fu-

ture generations? Are the victims to war, pestilence, inefficient legislation, to their own and others' ignorance, neglect or despair, mere age-long object lessons of how not to live? Our intellectual and moral nature alike shrinks from thus regarding them. And it is this fact, quite as much as our private needs, aspirations and affections, which makes of Immortality primarily an individual question. We ask indeed, at moments when the brevity and uncertainty of life are personally brought home to us by bereavement or the first warnings that our physical powers have passed their zenith: "Shall I survive? "Will those I love survive? Will the desires, the capacities that have never found fruition here 'bloom to profit other where?'" But it is at times of wider sympathy, when not our own lot nor that of any dear ones within the narrow circle of home and friendship is chiefly present to us, that we realize the awful futility of individual life if death indeed be its term.

Nor are such questionings satisfied, though they may be silenced, by the representation that no life can cease to be, and that the perishing of its individual forms no more affects its persistence than the subsidence of ocean waves into a great calm affects the persistence of the ocean itself. The merging of the finite in the Infinite cannot be rightly called Death; yet to the general mind, the term life is even less appropriate.

It may be supposed that Christians at any rate can give a more satisfactory answer. "The life everlasting" is an article of their faith, and the Resurrection of Christ, to those who indeed hold it true, places the continuance of individual life beyond a doubt. But how many would shrink from a searching inquiry into their real belief on the matter, how few if they are honest with themselves would venture to assert that the Resurrection is a fact, or the "life to come" a certainty! And this

doubtfulness among persons who have nevertheless a very real belief in the strength and spirituality of Christian teaching is another determining cause of that narrowing of the Christian horizon to which reference has already been made. It is difficult for faith and hope to overleap earthly bounds. Let us therefore do our utmost within them. Duty cannot fail us though all else may grow dim and uncertain. There is truth and noble purpose in this determination, but it is obvious that to carry it out effectually, knowledge of the true range and bearing of our present life is of the utmost importance. It will make—it ought to make—a vast difference in the duty of each individual *now* whether his outlook, not as regards himself only, but all other individuals past, present, and to come, is limited to earth or reaches beyond it. The training and discipline which would suffice for mortals, the conditions of life, the power of perseverance and endeavor, the outlook of hope which would be great enough for them, are wholly inadequate for immortals. These, too, need not shrink as mortals must from apparent failure, or certain suffering either in their own case or in that of others. The issues of life are so large that illimitable courage should be theirs. We know, alas! that practically it is not so. Yet though in the period through which we are passing the “heavenly horizon” has grown blurred and faint to many as truly Christian in aspiration and effort as those early martyrs who felt earth, not heaven, to be the illusion, the overclouding has its great and practical uses. Not till the faith which we thought dying revives in greater power than before, shall we know what it owes to the darkness which obscured for a while its vision of the unseen. For in truth a radical change in the conception of what Christian Immortality means was sorely needed, and it is difficult to see in what way, save by the

teaching of experience, it could have been effected. It is not so much historical criticism, or lack of scientific proof which has shaken Christian confidence in the “life everlasting,” as the inherent weakness of the ideal formed of it. It is to this aspect of the subject that the rest of the present essay will be devoted. In a subsequent paper the writer hopes to approach it from a wider and more fundamental point of view.

Whatever may be the drawbacks of Western Civilization, there can be no doubt of the increased variety and complexity of life it has brought about. There never has been a time when so large a number of interests, so many branches of knowledge, such wide fields of activity, were opened up to mankind as now, and as a consequence life is to a vast number of people fuller to an almost immeasurable extent than it was to their progenitors some hundreds of years ago. There are those, as we know, who are very far from considering this state of things an unmixed advantage—even as an advantage at all; but the fact remains, and it inevitably affects our whole mental attitude. A man of the twentieth century, though he be of mediocre culture and intelligence, has a wider outlook, a larger experience than the most highly endowed intellect of the tenth century could attain. Yet our conception of Immortality has filtered down to us through the dark ages. It is still tainted by their narrowness of outlook, their scientific ignorance, their opposition of the natural to the supernatural, and we can hardly be surprised that it fails to satisfy or to attract a generation before which such amazing vistas of the Universe have opened out. It is true indeed that to the saints of all ages, to those who—whatever their intellectual attainments may be or may not be, to whatever grade of society or culture they belong—are the spiritual salt of the earth, one desire, one pos-



sibility is alone present in their hope of Immortality—the perfected consciousness of the Divine Presence—that “Sight” of God which is the especial blessing of the pure in heart. To such as these no other belief regarding Immortality is possible or desirable save that that highest aspiration should be fully satisfied. But such single-hearted lovers of God, those to whom God only, God always, is consciously the Supreme Object of their desire, have ever been in a minority. There are many different types and castes of human character, and in life beyond as in life before death, room is needed for all. Christians should not have difficulty in realizing this, and the fact that they to whom no children of the Divine Father should be common or unclean yet seem frequently to regard one class of mind alone as fully acceptable to Him—the saintly, in the conventional sense of the term,—is greatly owing to the undue exaltation of the contemplative over the active side of the Christian life which for long obtained in the Church. It was an inevitable consequence of the “dark ages,” when intellectual and spiritual culture were alike hard to come by, and could only be preserved under the hot-house conditions of the cloister. Such a one-sided ideal leads to as mistaken a conception of the life to come as of life on earth. The latter we have corrected. We no longer draw the sharp line between the “religious” (*i.e.*, the conventual) life and that of the world which our fathers drew. The best religious thought of our day recognizes that Christianity claims as its own all art, all science, all culture, all philanthropy, that no department of life or of service lies outside religion. But our grasp of the sacredness of activity, the consecration of knowledge, even of affection, is most frequently limited to the sphere of earth. Beyond there seems nothing before us but a life of passive contemplation, an existence of which we can form no conception save

that it will be one of rest, of freedom from care and sorrow and evil, a condition of negative beatitude in fact, to which, at times of sick weariness with the restlessness and turmoil of the world, we turn with joy and relief, but which has no attraction for the young, the strong, the healthfully busy, the happy.

Surely there is a fundamental error here, one which it is well worth while to track and refute. If the spirit of New Testament teaching on this subject gives us as one great object of hope untrammelled service of the Divine Father we are wrong to fix our eyes only on rest; we are injuring those whose greatest need and desire is not to cease from activity but to be granted full scope for it.

Ideal Immortality should satisfy all healthful and innocent aspirations, utilize all capacities, embrace within its wide scope all intellectual, affectional, and spiritual activities which in the widest sense of the term are “good.”

Some may regard such an ideal as too material to be permissible from the Christian standpoint, and if material is to be taken as a synonym for sensual, then it is true that there is no place for the material in the Christian conception of life, either present or to come. The restriction of human beings to, or their absorption in the life of the senses is inimical to every spiritual religion—to Christianity most because it is most spiritual, because there is in it no lower path for the ordinary man, no esoteric mysteries for the initiated, but the same demand made on each and all, *viz.*, to live up to the highest they know.

But if by “material” be intended man’s relationship to the natural universe, nay that universe itself in all the marvels of its known order, with all the dimly hinted possibilities of what yet may become known, then the Christian conception of Immortality embraces that relationship, applies to that

universe. One of the "notes" of Christianity is that it neither ignores, condemns, nor supersedes the natural, but raises it to a new dignity and confers upon it a larger scope by treating it as itself the expression and the pledge of spirit. According to New Testament teaching the universe of Nature is a spiritual creation which in the Divine ideal of it is throughout "very good," and which in its actual state of (to human perception) non-attainment, groans and travails together with man until the adoption, that is the redemption of the body; until the material expression is so perfectly moulded to the spiritual meaning that the latter shines forth undimmed in its eternal beauty and splendor. Man's intellect, affections, moral consciousness are spiritual attributes, none the less so that not having themselves attained to the Divine Ideal, and being therefore imperfect, they are expressed through the imperfect medium of the "natural body." Christianity does not teach that when this medium fails human knowledge, love, righteousness are to be without expression, but that a more fitting expression is to be given them. First the natural expression, afterwards that which is spiritual, for *if* there is a natural body, there is a spiritual body. If, that is, under earthly conditions, man needs an earthly body and an earthly environment by means of which to express what he is and does, so under conditions which are not earthly but which are and must be *human*, he will need a human though non-earthly body and a human though non-earthly environment for the same reason—to express his being and his activity.

The Divine Ideal of human life is the life of Christ, manifested before death under earthly conditions, after death under non-earthly. To the "witnesses of His Resurrection" He did not reveal Himself either as bodiless, or as disconnected from His former life. On the contrary His Risen Body—that

which was the perfect expression of the Perfect Life informing it—bore the marks of His Death and Passion, at once bringing home His identity to the minds of His sorrowing disciples with a strength of conviction which no other evidence could have afforded, and deeply impressing upon them the fact of the intimate connection between the earthly and the non-earthly life. "It is I Myself"—I whose experience before death is so indelibly wrought into the essence of My life, that It would not be fully expressed unless Its physical manifestation bore the marks of My Passion. There can be no plainer teaching than this that human life before and after death is continuous, and it must be carefully borne in mind if we would enter into the Christian conception of Immortality. It will be "I myself" to each one in the life to come, the same unique individuality retaining the "marks" and the memory of those experiences of suffering, of sorrow, of joy, which are the warp and woof of the earthly life: so common that they make all men brothers, yet so distinct and peculiar in each case that no other has been or can be identical with it.

This belief in the continuity of each individual human life has very important practical issues which have been obscured by the too frequent restriction of its meaning to the meting out of reward and punishment. Without doubt this is one aspect of the subject, but it is one aspect only and cannot be rightly appreciated save in relation to the whole. In past ages, when even the most cultivated intellects were unable to recognize beneath the apparent lawlessness of the Universe its vast and unchanging order, it was inevitable that spiritual truths also should be invested with a certain amount of arbitrariness. Thus the "reward" of the just equally with the punishment of the unjust was regarded as not in essential connection with the life which had merited either. Consequently the

former could be bought by certain rites, ceremonies and benefactions, the latter could be avoided in much the same way by indulgences, penances, gifts of money to ecclesiastical purposes, etc. It was not clearly understood that the punishment of a sinful life was wrought out by that life itself, and was of the kind which the particular sins indulged in must inevitably entail, just as a burned hand must inevitably follow the thrusting of it into the fire. The punishment of sin equally with the wages of virtue is progress in the path chosen. Browning has finely illustrated this in his description of the man found at the Last Judgment choosing earthly before spiritual joys. His sentence is to possess that which he has chosen, earth, but without the power which he in common with all men had hitherto possessed, of looking if he would, beyond the transitory and apparent to the real and abiding.

"Thou saidst,—'Let spirit star the dome  
Of Sky, that flesh may miss no peak,  
No nook of earth,—I shall not seek  
Its service further.' Thou art shut  
Out of the heaven of spirit; glut  
Thy sense upon the world; 'tis thine  
For ever—take it."

"How?—Is mine  
The world?" I cried (while my soul  
broke  
Out in a transport). "Hast thou spoke  
Plainly in that? Earth's exquisite  
Treasures of wonder and delight,  
For me?"

The austere voice returned:  
"So soon made happy? Had'st thou  
learned  
What God accounteth happiness,  
Thou wouldst not find it hard to guess  
What hell may be His punishment  
For those who doubt if God invent  
Better than they—Let such men rest  
Content with what they judged the  
best.

Let the unjust usurp at will:  
The filthy shall be filthy still:

Miser, there waits the gold for thee!  
Hater, indulge thine enmity!  
And thou whose heaven self-ordained  
Was to enjoy earth unrestrained,  
Do it! take all the ancient show!

\* \* \* \* \*

*"I promise not thou shalt forget  
The past now gone to its account,  
But leave thee with the old amount  
Of faculties, nor less nor more,  
Unvisited as heretofore  
By God's free Spirit that makes an end."*

Considerations of space preclude longer quotation, especially from a poem familiar to almost all readers, but the italicized lines contain the crux of the whole matter, indicating alike the cause of the extreme anguish of the punishment and the possibility (more clearly developed later) that it is purgatorial, not penal merely, "I promise not thou shalt forget the past." "It is I myself—I who might have judged that the use of flesh 'was to refine the nerve beneath the spirit's play,' who might have chosen to follow 'the spirit's fugitive brief gleams,' until they issued in the unveiled light of God. It is I myself who have thrust away my spiritual inheritance, have fixed myself where 'God's free spirit that makes an end' no longer penetrates. It is I myself who have lost myself." That is the keen edge of the suffering, a very sword of the Spirit before which the man shrinks and quails. But because he can thus suffer, hope has not altogether departed, the pain that an immortal spirit condemned to dwell amongst shadows must experience so clears his vision, that at the end of the poem we find him whose one desire had been the enjoyment of earthly life to the full, exclaiming:—

How dreadful to be grudging  
No ease henceforth, as one that's  
judged,  
Condemned to earth for ever, shut  
From heaven.

And we are left with the closing note of hope:

But Easter Day breaks! But Christ rises! Mercy every way Is infinite, and who can say?

These considerations illustrate forcibly the meaning of that central fact, the continuity of human life—round which, if once realized, all other facts of human life would group themselves in due order and subordination. And needless to say the same remarks apply *mutatis mutandis* to reward. This is no arbitrary bliss bestowed upon all alike who at some time or other of their lives—it may be upon their deathbed—have “made their peace with God.” It is the inevitable consequence of the aim and endeavor after the highest (according to the light of each individual) in thought and practice; of the unworldly temper of mind, which, in whatever way shown, however painfully connected with a sense of failure and shortcoming, yet recognizes that earth is but in some sense or other a prelude, a forecast, an intimation of something better, nobler, more worthy of attainment than itself, “God’s ante-chamber” by whose variegated “arras folds”

The wise who waited there could tell  
 . . . . What royalties in store  
 Lay one step past the entrance door.

But as the sharpest edge of punishment lies in the realization of what might have been, only possible because what might have been is continuous with what is, so the supreme reward, or one element in the supreme reward, is the knowledge that what is, is essentially connected with what was—“It is I myself—I who strove and fell, and rose to strive again, blinded, maimed, scarcely daring to hope I could attain, yet keeping amid all darkness, amid all defeat even, the unquenchable desire of the highest, I have been found faithful, my

fet are set forever upon the upward path, and to me is given my heart’s desire.” And if that desire has not known and does not yet know itself to be none other than the thirst for the Divine, God is not straitened in the means whereby He will in the life beyond draw those who have been true to the light they had under earthly conditions into full apprehension of and participation in that supreme desire, the response to which is the vision of Himself.

A real living belief (not a mere intellectual acquiescence,) in this continuity of individual human life has issues of infinitely greater importance to society at large than those which it debates with such fervor and heat. It can hardly be said that we are in a position to estimate them as yet. One thing however should be abundantly plain. If death is indeed no break in life, but merely an entrance into different conditions of life, this fact of itself should weigh immensely in education. Before it could do so, however, a public opinion in favor of its practical importance would have to be created. At present what public opinion is being brought to bear on the subject leans all the other way. To think much of life beyond the grave is supposed to unfit us for work in the world as it is. Could we realize that every activity of which human beings are capable is a sacred thing (and this is the teaching of Christianity)—a thing which may be defiled, defamed, prostituted to low uses, but which in the Divine Ideal of it is altogether noble, beautiful, worthy of all honor, not destined to perish in the using, but to be trained to ever higher and higher perfection till its scope, compared to what in our present ignorance we suppose, is well-nigh illimitable, then we should deem no effort too strenuous, no sacrifice too great to ensure to ourselves and to others the full development of all human powers

and capacities. Our chief aim would be so to think and work that when we take that "one step past the entrance door" to fuller life, neither we nor others through our action should be weighted by limitations which our experience under earthly conditions should have taught us to surmount. This would debar none from giving their full energy to every honorable profession and pursuit, but it would immeasurably raise the standard of individual effort and responsibility. It would save the artist and the author from prostituting talent to win the poor meed of contemporary or posthumous fame, the statesman from committing his fellow countrymen to a policy which Christian wisdom condemns, either for the sake of present popularity or a name which posterity should call great. It would save the educator from aiming at immediate results rather than eliciting the true personality, the best self in the young people committed to his charge, and the philanthropist from adopting hasty expedients which, though they may give momentary relief, are no true medicine for the social body. It would rob bereavement of its keenest pangs and take the edge off all disappointment. And this being the case, it would set free even under actual conditions an amazing amount of human energy and capacity which are at present cramped and stunted by the overhanging fear that whatever the individual cannot accomplish before death is, so far as the individual himself is concerned, incomplete. He may sow, but another will reap; he may labor but another will enter into the fruit of his labors; he shall not himself see of the travail of his soul and be satisfied. Nor need we condemn such a feeling as egotistic. To do so would be to run counter to a universal human characteristic, the characteristic of all others which raises man beyond animal to spiritual life,

the capacity to perceive, and the determination to strive after, the Ideal. The man who has such faith in the reality of his ideal that he can say "It will come to pass though I shall not see it," is strong; but he who can assert "It will come to pass and I shall see it," is stronger still. This is the strength that belief in the continuity of individual personality should give to every man in whom it is a living, active power, and not a half acquiesced-in truth which has no practical bearing on life as it is now.

Another effect, far-reaching in its results, but more purely personal than any which has yet been touched on, might well be produced, viz.: the more strenuous endeavor on the part of each individual to attain to the Divine Ideal for him, to fulfil the Divine Conception of his own being. There is a certain school of thought, of which Nietzsche may be regarded as one of the principal prophets and exponents, which insists before all else upon self-realization as the one important end of individual life. "Be yourself" is the cry of these teachers. "Be what you are, whether that be what is conventionally called good or evil. Experience all you can, live all you can. Fulfil yourself in every way that is open to you, regardless of any consequence so only that you can achieve and complete yourself." Let this advice be taken by one whose outlook is limited to life on earth, and in most instances we know but too well the lamentable physical and moral wreck which would ensue. But widen the horizon. Say as before: "Fulfil, complete yourself, yet bear in mind that Self's undying Nature, that as you are making it now, so will it start beyond death with larger powers, a greater scope, an unforgotten past. Be therefore not only yourself, but true to your Self. Do not prostitute it, do not place in its hands that awful power of reproach so terribly depicted by Rossetti



in one of the finest of his sonnets, where he exclaims that at death—

God knows I know the faces I shall see,  
Each one a murdered self, with low last breath.

"I am thyself, what hast thou done to me?"

"And I—and I—thyself," (lo! each one saith,)

"And thou thyself to all eternity."

Such a possibility as this, placed in juxtaposition to that other possibility of approximating ever nearer and nearer to the Divine meaning in "My Self," would prove, if indeed confronted, an almost resistless deterrent from those forms of supposed self-realization which are in truth its destroyers.

*The Contemporary Review.*

One last word seems called for. The present essay is addressed to Christians. It is an attempt to place in a more vivid and practical light a belief which is by hypothesis theirs already and it can hardly therefore appeal to those whose mental standpoint precludes them from accepting the Christian doctrines. The utmost to be expected—and this the writer would even in a single instance be glad to attain—would be the recognition that belief in the persistence of individual life after death should not be a hindrance, but a great motive power in human progress now. To those who, perceiving this, yet feel that the belief is not justified, the writer hopes in a future paper to address herself.

*Emma Marie Caillard.*

## NOVELS OF IRISH PEASANT LIFE.\*

It was not until the beginning of last century that any successful attempt was made to represent the Irish as they really are in their own country. There were, indeed, gross caricatures of national character, which condensed in one impossible person all the qualities supposed to be specially Irish. Even more popular, perhaps, was the simple combination of brogue and blunder that was made to do duty for the typical Irishman, both on the stage and in fiction. If we put aside a few well-drawn figures in the plays of Sheridan and other contemporary writers, these

were the only representations of the Irishman known in England. It was Miss Edgeworth who first treated the Irish seriously, and wrote of them with intelligence and sympathy. Hitherto the comic Irishman had been taken out of his own country, put into unknown surroundings, and used as a foil to the more solid English character. But Miss Edgeworth carries the English reader over the sea, and by her graphic sketches of life makes him tread with her the Irish soil, breathe the atmosphere of the country, and become familiar with the home life of the people,

\*1. "Castle Daly." By Miss Keary. (London: Macmillan and Co., 1876.)

2. "Hurriah: a Study." By the Honble. Emily Lawless. (London: Methuen and Co., 1896.)

3. "Grania: the Story of an Island." By the same. (London: Smith, Elder and Co., 1897.)

4. "Mrs. Martin's Company, and other Stories." By Jane Barlow. (London: Dent, 1896.)

5. "Irish Idylls." By the same. (London: Hodder and Stoughton, 1892.)

6. "Some Experiences of an Irish R.M." By E. C. Somerville and Martin Ross. (London: Longmans, 1899.)

7. "My New Curate." By the Rev. P. A. Sheehan, P.P. (London, 1900.)

both gentle and simple. Miss Edgeworth never wrote anything better than *Castle Rackrent* and *The Absentee*, but it must remain her greatest distinction that, according to Sir Walter Scott's own statement, she inspired him to write the *Waverley Novels*.

"Without being so presumptive," he says in his general preface, "as to hope to emulate the rich humor, pathetic tenderness, and admirable tact which pervade the works of my accomplished friend, I felt that something might be attempted for my own country, of the same kind as that which Miss Edgeworth so fortunately achieved for Ireland—something which might introduce her natives to those of the sister kingdom in a more favorable light than they had been placed hitherto, and tend to procure sympathy for their virtues and indulgence for their foibles."

It was, we believe, Miss Edgeworth's Irish novels that also suggested to Tourguéneff to write his tales of Russian peasant life.

In reading Miss Edgeworth we must admit that we do not become acquainted with the deeper forces which have influenced both the people and the fortunes of the country. There is a careful avoidance of religious and political questions, and scarcely a hint of the passionate discontent caused by the injustice of the penal laws. In judging of the darker features of the character of a nation, it is necessary to distinguish between what is natural and what is the result of circumstances. We cannot shut our eyes to the fact that in Ireland we have a nation who for centuries have struggled against misrule and religious oppression, with the result that under certain conditions their moral sense becomes blunted and deteriorated. The Irish peasant, when his feelings have been fomented by political agitation, seeks to right his wrongs, real or imagined, by crime, amid the universal sympathy of his

neighbors, who look upon him as a hero and a martyr. Mischief of this nature is not easily undone; for the past is always whispering in the ear of the Celt, and reminding him of what it were well for his own happiness that he should forget.

In *Castle Daly* Miss Keary gives us a faithful picture both of the violent misdeeds and of the uncomplaining patience of the people at a time when Ireland was not only decimated by famine, but also torn by internal revolution. It is a book to which the words that Ruskin is reported to have said of *The Absentee* may fitly be applied: "You can learn more by reading it of Irish politics, than from a thousand columns out of a *Blue Book*." Miss Keary through her imaginative sympathy realizes not only the larger issues involved, but those subtler contrasts of character that make it difficult for the English and Irish to understand one another. Strange as it may seem, she only spent a fortnight in Ireland in her life; but her father was Irish, and had so impressed her mind with the "sweet misty pictures of the West" that after her visit she found little to alter in her descriptions of the country which she had chosen as the scene of her plot. *Castle Daly* is the story of an Irish family in the forties. The owner is a typical Irishman, endowed with the virtues and the faults of his race. On a visit to England he is captivated by the dainty reserved grace of the daughter of a well-ordered English house; he thinks she has just the qualities wanted to remedy the evils that he feels incompetent to combat, and that the ardor of his love will awake her from her somewhat cold stillness. When the story opens, which is after twenty years of married life, his sanguine nature has not given up hopes of making her more responsive. But a continually unsuccessful attempt to check her husband's light-hearted

extravagance, and some years of ill-health, combined with a sad temperament, have not helped to make the well brought up English girl adapt herself to her surroundings.

In the first chapters of *Castle Daly* we have a delightful picture of a happy-go-lucky Irish home, the centre to which all the peasants congregate from the surrounding mountains in their joys and sorrows, to have a word with the "masther," a friendly talk with Ellen and Connor, the two younger children, and a meal in the hospitable kitchen. The most interesting personality in the book is undoubtedly Anne O'Flaherty, an old maid, who lives in a lonely valley, spending her life in trying to cure Irish evils by Irish virtues, and who by the arresting qualities of her mind makes the wild peasant population both love and obey her. Miss Keary treats all her characters with sympathy. Even the dogmatic brother-in-law is given his due: he is one of those Englishmen who is convinced that all that is wanted in Ireland are English methods administered by a firm hand, and who speaks to the people "not angrily, but in the cheerful decided tone he thought appropriate to uneducated people, whose intellects could only be reached by strong words or shouting." It is scarcely possible to praise too highly the skill with which the English agent and his sister, who come over to restore order in the chaos of Mr. Daly's affairs, are drawn. Their high-minded and conscientious but ungenial dealings with a peasantry unused to *impersonal* treatment and distracted by famine and political ferment forms the chief interest of the book. The difference of the old system carried on by Anne O'Flaherty and the new as introduced by the agent, Mr. Thornley, is well described in their first interview. The wisdom or folly of the work of Anne's life is in question. She shows the practical young agent her

industrial works, and expounds to him all her most cherished schemes for the betterment of the people. He listens politely, and then proves by well argued and thoroughly established laws how baseless all Anne's arguments are, and how sure her work is to fall to pieces in the long run.

He stood still and looked over the valley lying in the golden sunset, where the laborers stood in groups about the gates of their garden enclosures, and the women came out and put their babies into their fathers' arms, and children filled the air with joyous evening clamor, and he talked quite calmly of the inevitable evils attending the subdivision of the land, and the certainty that an over-stimulated population like the one he was surveying must come at last to the point of being decimated by want and sickness. . . . "You are young yet," Anne said with a deep sigh. "If you live to be as old as I am, and by chance get interested in the lives and troubles of the poor people you reside among—I think you could—you will learn to be glad to take the most practical way that comes to hand of rescuing them from present degradation and suffering, and you will leave remote consequences to take their chance."

"I shall know that the remote consequences must come when they are due. I shall not expect by any efforts of mine to bring about results which economical and social laws are dead against."

"You speak about laws as if they were alive," cried Anne; "horrible, heartless things—I don't believe in them. I believe in God, and I don't think He is dead against honest effort to do good to our fellow-creatures, even if it be a somewhat mistaken one. He will take care that some good, physical or moral or spiritual, comes out of it somehow."

Mr. Thornley shrugged his shoulders. . . . Here were questions which he had decided did not concern him, into the discussion of which he absolutely and always refused to be drawn.

Mr. Thornley acts according to his theories, and deals blind justice to the

people of whose characters and convictions he knows nothing. He is quite unaware that to them his justice appears like the cruelest wrong and injury. But when he is brought face to face with crimes and tragedies, and when the death "keen" of famine drowns "all other voices, both John Thornley and Anne O'Flaherty come to acknowledge their mistakes and limitations. Anne sees that there are other laws besides hers ruling in her populous valley, laws that could not be ignored; and Mr. Thornley recognizes that it is at least as important to understand human beings as it is to know political economy. He says, in a conversation with Ellen Daly, after they had knelt together in the cabin of the starved family of the man who had intended to murder him:

I begin to see where the fault lies. A few minutes ago I was saying vehemently to myself that at least I have been guilty of no injustice, yet I felt that the sting of remorse would not strike so deep if I were really blameless. Now I see how it is. I ought never to have come here knowing so little of the people I had to deal with, having scarcely glanced at the problems that rise up before me now as almost unfathomable. . . .

He is beginning dimly to perceive that there is a spiritual side to the character of some of those peasants whom he had looked upon as merely squalid and improvident. One day he follows Ellen into the little white-washed chapel:

The women drew apart as he approached to make room for him at her side, and almost involuntarily he knelt down a little way behind her. There was preaching going on. He had not come in at the beginning, and could not make out whether any text for the sermon had been given out; but the sentence "Man doth not live by bread alone" was repeated several times by

the preacher, and each time a groan of acquiescence burst forth from the pale lips of the famine stricken people kneeling round, who seemed to hang upon the speaker's words as if they were food indeed. Then the preacher went on to describe in glowing words, and with much metaphor and eloquence the spirit life—nourished by the true bread—into the full enjoyment of which the good priest who had addressed his flock from that spot two days ago, had now entered. At another time John might have listened critically, questioning the wisdom or the utility of such an exercise under such circumstances; but now, kneeling on the mud floor, among the sea of pale faces that were gradually losing their ghastliness under the illumination of hope in the Unseen thus set forth before eyes that in every other quarter beheld only despair, he could not question.

Though *Castle Daly* was written in 1875, the story deals with a time when Ireland, owing to unequal laws and social anomalies, afforded a peculiarly rich and varied field for the novelist. In later years when Ireland has sat heavily on the conscience of England, and English statesmen have been inspired to treat Ireland not only with justice but with generosity, civilizing influences have penetrated to the remotest parts of the country; and as an inevitable result, there is less of that picturesqueness in which, as Sydney Smith observes, utility and order are the last ingredients. But fit materials both for the agitator and the novelist are yet to be found in Ireland, and when Miss Lawless wrote her first novel, *Hurriah: a Study*, political disturbance was rife. Irish patriotism, apart from the professional agitator, owes much of its reality and permanence to the fact that it is largely made up of sentiment, and sentiment pervades the whole nature of the Celt and influences all the relations of his life. It is, perhaps, the quality which makes it difficult for the English and Irish to understand one another, for it is one

that is peculiarly irritating to the common-sense of a successful race. It is sentiment that makes the Irishman fight against the inevitable, and refuse to accept the despotism of facts. This is that "eternal source of folly" which, as Renan says, all the Celtic races have in their hearts, and the very malady which is their charm. Even love is more a sentiment than a passion with the Celt. The satisfaction of sense does not so much appeal to him as emotion and excitement. Love is inseparably connected with the home, the village, the chapel, and all he has been familiar with since his birth. If the sentiment of the Celt were united with the sanity, the perseverance, and the steadiness of the Saxon, the result would not be far from genius, for true sensibility means spiritual perception, quick sympathies, and an intimate fellowship with the mysteries of nature. Authors who, like Miss Lawless, have succeeded in bringing out this predominant characteristic, have produced the most living pictures of Irish peasant life. But Miss Lawless is not only a writer of fiction; her readers feel that she has also much of the inward vision which belongs to the poet and the mystic.

The scene of *Hurriah* is laid in a wild desolate region in the West, and the story gives us an admirable picture of the land war in Ireland in recent times. The characters are few, but singularly distinct. Hurriah, his mother Bridget, his niece Alley and her lover Maurice Brady, stand out like cameos against their background of gray bare rock. Hurriah, a loose-limbed, good-natured giant, is half farmer, half fisherman:

He was a sentimentalist—though he had never heard the word; and the ground which he was born on—that rock-bound ground was the object of his sentimental worship. . . . To Hurriah, life in general, past, present, and future, was an abounding mystery, which might be understood per-

haps by Father Dennehy, or other competent authorities, but into which he himself never dreamt of probing.

Though he had been brought up a Fenian, and hatred to England was part of his creed, yet temperamentally he was out of sympathy with crime and bloodshed, and in this respect he is a grievous disappointment to his old mother who lives with him. She is an ardent patriot of the cruel and vindictive sort; it is she who knows the why and the wherefore of all the agrarian outrages, and she is the first to raise the war-cry of exultation in which she fails to persuade her son to join.

For what, it may be asked, is a good-natured and naturally gregarious man to do, when all the sociability of his neighborhood is concentrated round one single focus, and that focus a criminal one? His own impulses were all of the old-fashioned, easy-going, jovial kind. He hated fighting—except, of course, the open and fisticuff variety—he hated dark deeds and dark secrets, and everything that savored of unpleasantness and treachery. He would have liked from year's end to year's end to live in the same genial, friendly fashion, the same happy-go-lucky indifference to the future. Pity such natures when their lot has been cast into the bitter yeast of a social revolution. They are the clay pots among the iron ones, and the fate of the clay pot is theirs.

Hurriah has a very warm spot in his heart for his niece Alley. She is, as we are told, one of a type not uncommon in Ireland, a born nun, to whom the convent appeals not only from a religious motive, but as a welcome refuge from the perils of the world. For to a nature like hers "the horizon of fear will always be far, far wider than that of hope." If Maurice Brady had not asked her to marry him, she would have joined her sister in a convent. She does not love Maurice; she hardly knows what love is, and all she has to



bestow is given to her uncle, whom she adores. But Maurice dazzles her with his handsome face and educated speech. He belongs to the Americanized, modern, progressive species of Irishmen, a species becoming more common every day. He is the exact opposite of Hurrish, and is in no way a sentimentalist, but he does not altogether gain by this loss. Between Maurice and Alley the gulf that separates the practical self-seeker from the sentimentalist is fixed; and when he tells her that he will take her away to Limerick, or may be to Dublin itself, and give her the best of meat and drink and dress her as a lady, the idea only terrifies her and does not appeal to her in the least. She tells him,

Me heart seems just tied to the things I know. . . . I don't seem able to think of going away—not altogether. I'm like them little yellar shtrokes ye may see round the idges of the say pools, that go jumpin' an' hoppin' an' dancin', an' pullin' away, as if they was wantin' to be flyin' off all over the country; and all the while they niver get raaly away from the wather, and I don't suppose they're wantin' to nayther.

Alley's pure and childlike personality permeates the dark tragedy that gradually gathers round Hurrish, whose easy-going genial nature seems singularly ill-suited to play a tragic part in a struggle which is forced on him, not by any militant will power of his own, but by the environment of which he is the victim. Alley finds her natural refuge in a convent, and Maurice, branded and scorned as an informer, flies to America.

Miss Lawless's second Irish novel, *Grania: the Story of an Island*, is perhaps a work of higher artistic merit than *Hurrish*, because it is untrammelled by the disturbing influences of passing conditions. It is more concerned with what is universal in human

nature, and affects us with the quiet power of elemental tragedy, though the story is limited to a description of the life of a few peasants in a small island in the Atlantic—an island so barren and windswept, that the reader is tempted to think that the mere effort of living would absorb every faculty and leave no room for the cultivation of any of the finer arts of life. But Miss Lawless, even when she writes in her most minor key, softens the harsh and disfiguring things of reality and conveys an artistic emotion, too sad indeed to be exactly pleasurable, yet far removed from the harsh impression produced by direct contact with squalid life. Unfortunately, dirt and discomfort are still only too prevalent among the peasants in Ireland; but when they are found, as is often the case, combined with delicacy of feeling, modesty and well-bred consideration for others, the ideals of their lives are far removed from squalor, whatever their material surroundings may be. Miss Lawless is specially successful in revealing the more attractive qualities of the peasants, and this gift, together with a delicate sense of humor, brightens the somewhat sombre tone of her writing.

There is a distinct flavor about the style of *Grania*. The characters do not talk with the usual brogue—which, we learn from the dedication to the book, Miss Lawless considers "a tiresome necessity always," and one which can be dispensed with when no single character can talk a word of English. Apparently the conversations must first have been written in Irish and afterwards translated into English, and the result is at once poetical and racy of the soil. We first make acquaintance with Grania when as a child she is sitting in her father's hooker in the Bay of Galway—a wild little figure with the vivid dark southern coloring so often to be met with in the West of Ireland. Her father, Con O'Malley, of Inish-

maan, one of the Aran Islands, might have passed as an ideal picture of the typical Connaught peasant. But in one respect he was not typical, for he had ventured so far to depart from the custom of his class as to make a love match, and this as a second marriage, without even youth as an excuse. His first marriage had been of the usual kind, settled with a due and punctilious regard to the number of cows, pigs, pots, and pans that each side could produce. But his wife died, leaving one daughter, and we learn that some years after he outraged public opinion by falling in love with a girl from the "Continent," as the islanders call the mainland, a tall, magnificently handsome creature who had not a possession of any sort in the world.

It was a genuine love match on both sides, that rarest of rare phenomena in peasant Ireland. That it would, as a matter of course and for that very reason, turn out disastrously, was the opinion loudly expressed of every experienced matron, not in Inishmaan alone, but for forty miles around that melancholy island. A "black stranger," a "foreigner," a girl "from the Continent" not related to anyone or belonging to the place! worse than all, a girl without a penny piece, without a stool or a feather-bed to add to the establishment! There was not a woman, young or old, living on the three islands but felt a sense of intense personal degradation whenever the miserable affair was so much as alluded to before her.

But in spite of all these dark prophecies, the marriage was a most happy and successful one.

But the happiness was short-lived, and in three years Con O'Malley was again a widower, with one little girl, Grania. When the second part of the story opens, six years later, he too is dead, and Grania, a tall vigorous maiden, is left to the pious care of her half-sister, Honor, who is a confirmed

invalid. Grania is a source of great anxiety to her sister, who adores her, for she is a born rebel, and will not accept all Father Tam and Honor's teaching without question. "This, rather than her own broken health, her own fast approaching death, was the real sting and sorrow of Honor's life, the sorrow that, day after day, impaled her upon its thorns, and woke her up pitilessly a dozen times in the night to impale her afresh." But Grania possesses many of the finer human qualities, honesty, courage, pitifulness for the weak, and an underlying and scarcely recognized current of passion, inherited, it may be, from some far off Spanish ancestor. It was probably this unusual quality that made her neighbors still suspicious of her as a "foreigner," as we see from the following conversation between two old women:

"Auch, my word, just look at the length of her! My word, she is the big girl that Grania O'Malley, the big girl out and out! . . . It is the mighty queer girl that she is though! God look down on us this day, but she is the queerest girl ever I knew on this earth yet, that same Grania O'Malley. Yes, indeed, yes." . . .

"Auch, Rosha Durane, don't be over-looking the girl. 'Tis a decent father's child she is, any way," said the aunt from the other side of the island, apparently from an impulse of amiability, in reality by way of stimulating Rosha to a further exposition of what Grania's special queerness consisted in.

"Did I say Con O'Malley was not a decent man? Saints make his bed in heaven this day, when did I say it?" The other answered, apparently in hot indignation, but in reality perfectly understanding the motive of her aunt's remark. "What I do say, and what is known to all Inishmaan, and that it is no invention of mine nor yet thought of by me, is that he was a very wild queer man. And Grania is just the same; she is a very wild queer girl, and a bold one too, and so I suppose I may say even in my own house, and before you, Mrs. O'Flanagan, though

you are my mother's sister, that's these seven years gone back to glory. . . . She has no fear of anything, not of anything at all, I tell you, neither upon the earth nor under it either—God keep us from speaking of harm, Amen. She will as soon cross a fairies' ring, as not! Just the same and sooner, and it is not two months, or barely three at the most, that I saw her with my own eyes walk past a red jackass on the road, and it braying hard enough to split at the time, and not crossing herself, no, nor a bend of the head, nor spitting even! It is the truth I am telling you, Mrs. O'Flanagan, ma'am, though you may not choose to believe me, the truth and no lie!"

Grania is engaged to Murdough Blake, the constant companion of her childhood, and it has never occurred to her to think of marrying anyone else. As for Murdough, his views on marriage are those of his class—largely a matter of barter and convenience, and the convenience to him of marrying the richest and strongest girl in Inishmaan is distinctly unmistakable. He is not in the least emotional or imaginative as regards marriage, for all the emotion and the very large share of imagination he possesses he bestows upon himself. He is handsome, lazy, and self-indulgent, but he succeeds in surrounding himself with a glamour which has always imposed on Grania. The tragedy of her life begins when dimly and painfully she discerns the true character of the man she loves with all the force of her strong simple nature, though to acknowledge this love even to herself fills her with impatient shame. In the end Murdough falls her, and lets her go alone in a fog he will not face to fetch a priest to her dying sister, and death comes to her in a silent and unruffled sea. But the priest is in time.

Honor was still alive and perfectly conscious of his coming. . . . After her long probation, after her tedious wait-

ing, she was at last upon the verge of that looked for, that intensely desired country; a country which if to most of us it seems but a dream within a dream, a floating mirage, a phantom made up of love and faith, of hope and of yearning desire—unthinkable, untenable, all but impossible—was to Honor, and is to such as Honor, no phantom, no mirage, but the soberest and solidest of living realities; the thing for which they live, the hope for which they die. . . . Already even while the priest stood beside her, while the prayers she had so longed for, those prayers which Grania had died to obtain for her, were being uttered, she was drifting across its borderland; already its sounds rather than his voice, rather than any earthly voices, were in her ears; already her foot was upon its threshold. And upon that threshold, perhaps—who knows, who can tell?—they met.

It is almost a relief to turn from the sustained tragedy of *Grania* to Miss Barlow's idyllic pictures of peasant life. She too, like Miss Lawless, is an artist and a poet, but she works within narrower limits and with a lighter touch. It may be doubted whether any other Irish writer has sounded so many chords of sympathy, humor, and pathos. She creates, out of the most commonplace materials, idylls true to nature, which yet hold and charm the imagination. Her readers seem to hear the witty talk and quaint philosophies of the peasants as they toll in the misty rain, and she not only reproduces exactly and picturesquely their dialect, but has also a marvellous insight into the feelings and emotions of their hearts. She so identifies herself with the people that the language they use and the sentiments they express appear inevitable, even to those who are not familiar with the country. In this respect her stories may be compared to Carleton's best work, *Traits and Stories of the Irish Peasantry*. We feel in both the same sincerity—not so much to be wondered at in Carleton, who was born

and bred a peasant and writes from inner knowledge. But Miss Barlow enters through sympathy into a life of which she has not herself been part; and though we cannot claim for her the masculine vigor of Carleton, yet her intuition and delicacy of perception create an atmosphere in which her characters stand out as vividly as those of the great Irish writer.

Miss Barlow's stories are nearly all short, and each incident is so perfectly fitted into its context that it is difficult to detach anything in the form of quotation, or even to mention one sketch in preference to another. *Mrs. Martin's Company*, which gives its name to a small volume of stories, brings out the distinctive qualities of Miss Barlow's writing. Mrs. Martin is only a solitary, rheumatic old woman who lives at the end of a long lane. From one cause or another all her neighbors, on whom she depended for company, so essential to the happiness of an Irish peasant, have drifted away. She does not mind her poverty, but her loneliness eats into her very heart, for sometimes from week's end to week's end never a foot goes past her door. One day her solitude is relieved by a visit from her priest, who brings her a little present from foreign parts in the shape of a small alabaster statuette of the Virgin, which he takes out of its wrappings and puts on her tiny window-sill. Every evening the poor lonely soul says her prayers before the niche which contains the statuette, and prays the

"Lady dear" to send "just a neighbor running in now and again; acushla, I wouldn't make bould to ask you for them to be living convanient alongside of me the way they was, but to see an odd sight of one, Lady Jewel, if it wouldn't go agin you to contrivance that much. For it's onnatural still and quiet here these times, Lady dear, with sorra a livin' sowl comin' next or nigh me ever. But sure, 'tis the lonesome house you kep' yourself, Lady dear,

one while, and belike you remember it yet, for all you've got back your company again, an' have you, glory be to God. And with the help of God it's slippin' over I'll be, meself one of these days to them that's gone from me, and no fear but I'll have the gran' company then. Only it's the time between 'whiles does seem long and dhrary."

But the weeks went on into the spring and no company came, only a little green spray shot up from between the cracked mud at the foot of the statuette, which gradually grew and spread before the old woman's astonished eyes until the niche was filled with delicate tangled greenery out of which glimmered the white figure of the Virgin. But what, she thinks, is the use of this daily increasing wonder if there is no one with whom she can share it. So she takes courage and writes to the priest, and tells him that

"the Qaurest that ever you witnessed has got clamberin' inside on the wall and the creelin' of it and the crawlin' of it would terrify you. Makin' offers now and again it does be to smoothen the Houly Virgin, but sure I'd be long sorry to let it do that bad thrick, after all the goodness of your reverence."

This letter naturally causes some uneasiness to the priest, who thinks poor Mrs. Martin must have gone clean demented. He goes himself, and brings others to wonder at, and if possible explain, the mysterious appearance. And soon its fame spreads far and wide over the townland, and the neighbors flock to see the surprising sight; and instead of wearying through long desolate afternoons there is a cheerful clack of tongues and clatter of cups in Mrs. Martin's kitchen when the "Quarress" is naturally much discussed. But to Mrs. Martin's devout mind there is only one explanation:

"Ah, women dear, what talk have we then at all, at all? Sure now it's clane clear in my own mind this instant

minute that whatever it may be, 'twas the Virgin herself, Heaven bless her, set it growing there wid itself, just of a purpose to be fetchin' me in me company." "Thru for you, Mrs. Martin, ma'am," said Mrs. Brennan. . . "What else 'ud be apt to make it go clamberin' all round the image of her, as if it was her belongin'? And didn't the gentlemen tell you 'twas nothing that grows be rights next or nigh this country? Ah, for sure, 'tis from far enough 'tis come, if 'twas the likes of Them sent it. And a kind thought it was too, glory be to God."

Mrs. Martin's theory was generally accepted, for it appealed to the religious sentiment of the people, and the once solitary old woman found herself the constant object of what might almost be called a pious pilgrimage.

In *Irish Idylls* we have a series of sketches of life in a village drawn with consummate skill and delicacy. In the chapter called "A Wet Day," there is a description at once poignantly pathetic and delightfully humorous of one day out of a long dripping series in the tiny village of Lisconnel, consisting of about six houses in the middle of a bog which stretches in brown monochrome for miles around. It is July, a month in the year when dinner is often a failure, for it very seldom happens that the potatoes hold out beyond June, and the new ones are not dug till August.

Hence it follows that July, with its soon-glimmering, long-lingering daylight, when one wakens early, and has a great many hours to put over before it will be dusk enough to think of sleep again, is even proverbially a month of short commons and hunger; a Ramadan with no nightly feasting to make up for the day's abstinence; a Lent whose fast no church ordains or blesses. You might have safely laid a wager that eight out of the nine dinner parties assembled at Lisconnel on this wet day prospective potatoes were a theme of discussion, to which a wistful tone was often given by their absence in any more substantial form. At

the Pat Ryan's, for instance, Mrs. Pat remarked hopefully. . . "Well, I suppose we'll be diggin' next week, please goodness, if the weather's anyway christianable at all."

"And bedad we wont then, nor after that agin," said her husband, "or may be the next week to the back o' that. Sure the forradest of them's scarce in flower yet, let alone a sign of witherin' on them."

"Some people do say," Mrs. Pat said, looking disconcerted, "that they're fit enough for liften the first minyit ye see the color of a blossom."

"Some people says more than their prayers," Pat rejoined, with despondent sarcasm. . .

"I am sure I dunno what pleasure anybody," said Mrs. McGurk, secretly attaching a definite idea to her indefinite pronoun, "can take in ruinating a poor person's bit of property. If I was ane now that had the mindin' of such things, and took notice of a little green field setting in the black of a bog, it's after I'd be to let it have its chanct, at any rate, to ripen itself the best way it could, than go for to sluice the great dowses of rain on the top of it, and have it all bathered and bet in flitterjigs like yon."

"'Deed then, it's a pity to behold, so it is," said Mrs. Kilfoyle, "and as for plisure I see no signs of plisure for anybody in it, good or bad. It's liker a sort of accident, to my notion. Such a thing might happen ready enough, if you come to consider the power of wet there to be streelin' about over our heads. Sure them that has the conthroulin' of it might aisy slop down a sup too much of it on some little place widout any harm intendin', the same as you might be doin' yourself when you're fillin' a weeny jug out of a big can. I wouldn't wonder now if that was the way of it; just an accident like, and no thoughts of ruinating anythin'. . . ." They were interrupted by a summons from without; as peremptory-sounding as a sudden clatter of hall on your window-pane: "Mrs. Brian—Mrs. Brian—Mrs. Brian, ma'am." Mrs. Quigley, who lived nearly opposite to the Kilfoyles, was calling from over the wet way, very audibly exasperated. "I'll trouble you, ma'am, to speak to your Tim there. He's just



after slappin' a big sod o' turf over the dyke into the middle o' me chuckens, that went as nare doin' slaughter on the half of them as ever I saw. The crathurs were that terrified, I give you me word they lep up ten fut standing off of the ground." . . .

"Tim," quoth Mrs. Brian to a cluster of huddled together heads, which were designing brocken-crockery works among the puddles at a short distance, "you'll sup sorrow wid a spoon of grief if I hear of your doin' anything agin to Mrs. Quigley's chickens."

And therewith the incident would have terminated amicably, Tim being happily indifferent to the prospect of that often repeated repast, had not Mrs. Quigley's still vibrating wrath moved her to say, addressing nobody in particular, "Begob, it's a quare way some people has of bringin' up their childer to be mischievous little pests, whatever they get to meddlin' wid."

Of course such a pointed thrust had to be parried, so Mrs. Brian at once bawled with very distinct enunciation, "Tim, Tim, come in out of that, and bring Norah and Biddy along wid you. You've got decent rags of clothes on you to be spoilt wid de wet, not the scandalous old scarecrow dudeens that some I could name think good enough to be makin' shows of their children in."

I doubt but that an unbiassed judge would have pronounced the respective wardrobes of the young Quigleys and the young Kilfoyles to be much on a par; however, Mrs. Quigley took the observation as it was meant, and rejoined: "Well, then, it's lucky for them if they've got anything dacent about them at all; for what else they're like to be gettin' where they come from except ignorance and impudence is more than I can say."

These few extracts give a very inadequate idea of Miss Barlow's work, and we can only advise those of our readers who do not already know it to become acquainted with a writer who has struck out so happy and original a vein of story telling.

It is sometimes said that Irish politics have killed Irish wit, and no doubt

the unrelenting war of the Land League did not encourage a light-hearted spirit. But sport, which has always been the chief bond between the classes in Ireland, still holds its place, and it is in the hunting field and at race meetings that the irrepressible humor of the people asserts itself, when the crushing influence of the agitator is removed. Miss Somerville and Miss Martin Ross, the authoresses of *Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.*, have made full use of these happy interludes in Irish social life, and have produced an irresistibly humorous series of sketches. Even those who find it difficult to appreciate Irish wit are carried away by the pure fun of these stories. A retired major is appointed resident magistrate in the West of Ireland, and gives an account of his experiences in society, in the hunting field, at the national sports, and at the petty sessions over which he presides. There is a freshness, a reality, a *joie de vivre* about this book which makes it most exhilarating, and we can hardly imagine any circumstances, however depressing, that would not be cheered by the reading of "Lisheen Races," "Second Hand," or "Philippa's Fox Hunt." The Irish peasant's talent of hitting off a scene or a situation with an appropriate phrase might be exemplified by endless quotations from these pages. The following is a sample of picturesque narrative:

"I hadn't the switch barely thrimmed," repeated Slipper firmly, "when I heard the people screechin' and I seen Driscoll and Clancy comin' on, leppin' all before them an' owld Bockock's mare bellusin' an' powdherin' along, an' bedad! whatever obstackle wouldn't throw *her* down, faith she'd throw *it* down, an' there's the thraffle they had in it."

"I declare to my sowl," says I, "if they continue on this way there's a great chance some one of them'll win," says I.

"Ye lie!" says the band masther, bein' a thrife fulsome after his luncheon.

"I do not," says I, "in regard of seeing how soople them two boys is. Ye might observe," says I, "that if they have no convanient way to sit on the saddle, they'll ride the neck o' the horse till such time as they get an occasion to lave it," says I.

"Arrah, shut your mouth!" says the band masther; "they're puckin' out this way now, an' may the divil admire me!" says he, "but Clancy has the other bet out, and the divil such leath-erin' and beltin' of owld Bocock's mare ever you seen as what's in it!" says he.

"Well, when I seen them comin' to me, and Driscoll about the length of the plantation behind Clancy, I let a couple of bawls.

"Skelp her, ye big brute!" says I. "What good's in you that you arn't able to skelp her?"

The yell and the histrionic flourish of his stick with which Slipper delivered this incident brought down the house. . . .

"Well, Mr. Flurry, and gentlemen," recommended Slipper, "I declare to ye when owld Bocock's mare heard thim roars she sthretched out her neck like a ghander, and when she passed me out she gave a couple of grunts and looked at me as ugly as a Christian.

"Hah!" says I, givin' her a couple o' dhraws o' th' ash plant across the butt o' the tail, the way I wouldn't blind her; "I'll make ye grunt! I'll nourish ye!"

*Some Experiences of an Irish R. M.* is certainly the most amusing Irish book that has appeared in recent years, and is in itself a sufficient contradiction to those who hold that women are wanting in humor. We hope that the authoresses will again earn our gratitude by once more contributing to the gaiety of life.

The last book on our list, *My New Curate*, by the Rev. P.A. Sheehan, P.P., is different in character and scope from those previously noticed. It is a book of unusual interest in itself, and has the rare peculiarity of being written by a Roman Catholic priest resident in the

south of Ireland. In bygone years the priest and his people were bound together not only by the ties of kindred, but by suffering endured together under the penal laws. In recent times the political movement with its socialistic doctrine, and its rebellion against law and order, has strained the relations between Rome and the priests, running counter, as it does, to the teaching of the Roman Catholic Church. The priests, therefore, have had to face the painful choice between siding with the peasant class, to which they are united by every historic memory as well as by family affection, and obeying the authoritative voice of Rome. At the critical moment the greater number threw over the Papal authority, and it seemed as if the Roman Catholic Church in Ireland had placed itself in the position of a schismatic body. Since the political agitation has subsided there has been, apparently, an anxious desire on the part of some of the bishops and priests to recover the spiritual hold over the people which they were in danger of forfeiting by throwing themselves into a movement which could only be maintained by crime. The author of *My New Curate* would, if we mistake not, divert the influence of the priest from political into religious channels, and show the beauty of that simple and primitive piety which is natural to the Irish people. The book attracts by its spirit of religious aspiration, by its charm and humor, but the conclusions at which it arrives are deeply pessimistic. It is obvious that the author has a profound disbelief in all those elements of economic progress and enlightenment on which the material welfare of Ireland must in future depend.

In *My New Curate* Father Sheehan tells the story of a scholarly priest who is sent to a remote Irish village on the shores of the Atlantic. He arrives at his new parish, young, the influent, full of

glorious hopes, but the inertia, which the author tells us is incurable in Ireland, by degrees paralyzes both him and his dreams, and at the age of seventy, when the story begins, he describes himself as "poor old Daddy Dan, with no great earthly trouble indeed, and some few consolations—my Breviary, and the grand Psalms of Hope—my daily Mass and its hidden and unutterable sweetness—the love of little children and their daily smiles—the prayers of my old women, and, I think, the reverence of the men." Father Dan is a most lovable character, and gives us a singularly beautiful impression of the ideal relationship between the priest and his people, though he feels that he himself falls far short of it.

But readers of *My New Curate* must be warned that Father Sheehan's clerics cannot be said to be typical of the Irish priesthood. They are, no doubt, to be met with in Ireland, but it is a rude disenchantment to turn from Father Sheehan's account of the younger generation of priests, "clean cut, small of stature, keen-faced, bicycle-riding, coffee drinking, encyclopædic," whose "passionate devotion to their faith is only rivalled by their passionate devotion to the Motherland," to the young priest of to-day as he is to be seen on the platform of Irish politics. Father Sheehan has used the privilege of the novel writer, and has given us a picture drawn from his own imaginative wishes rather than from the every-day realities of life in Ireland.

The Bishop sends to Father Dan a new curate, well educated and overflowing with youthful zeal and new ideas—in fact, he is much what Father Dan had been fifty years before, only more modern and energetic.

Father Letheby, the new curate, works loyally under the old priest, and listens reverently to his affectionate

warnings. But he will not admit that the faults of the people are inherent and incurable, or allow his enthusiasm to be chilled by the disappointed experiences of the older man. He gains the love and apparently the confidence of his parishioners, but his industrial enterprises end not only in failure but in disaster at the very moment that success seemed certain. The author proposes no remedy for the defects of his countrymen, but a deep note of religious faith runs all through the book, and with it the pervading influence of the teaching of the old priest—that it is not by material prosperity that spiritual life is nourished and sustained, but that the safeguard of the nation is to be found in a return to the ideals of the ancient Irish saints and sages. Father Sheehan is not afraid to criticize his brethren, but he does so with a sympathetic humor which is void of offence. He also gives us a glimpse of the subjects which are exercising the minds of the younger generation of priests. He presents them to us discussing problems of the Higher Criticism at their conferences and symposiums with a freedom which strikes us as remarkable in a Church so rigid in its discipline and doctrine.

We learn, too, from the book the opinions of the priests on subjects nearer everyday life. The following quotation gives Father Dan's views on marriage.

We agreed in thinking that the Christian ideal of marriage was nowhere so happily realized as in Ireland, where, at least up to recent times, there was no lurid and volcanic company keeping before marriage, and no bitter ashes of disappointment after; but the good mother quietly said to her child: "Mary, go to confession to-morrow, and get out your Sunday dress. You are to be married on Thursday evening." And Mary said: "Very well, mother," not even asserting a faintest right to know the name of her future

spouse. . . . Married life in Ireland has been the most splendid refutation of all that the world and its gospel, the novel, preach about marriage, and the most splendid and complete justification of the supernaturalism of the Church's dogmas and practices.

This is indeed an astounding basis on which to rest happy wedlock; we could better have understood the author if he had said that *in spite* of the young people knowing nothing of one another beforehand, these marriages turn out well "by virtue of the great sacramental union." For it must be owned, if we look at the result, that the claim put forward by the priest cannot be denied; in no country are the duties of married life better observed, and irregular connections are almost unknown. But we cannot agree with the suggestion that marriage is not a question of barter, for it is a matter of common knowledge that in the farmer class a girl's chances of matrimony can be accurately gauged in terms of cattle or land. Often the young people do not

meet until two or three days before the wedding. In an instance known to the writer of this article, a young man came to his priest on a Saturday saying he wanted a license to be married the following Tuesday. The priest asked for the name of the girl. The man looked puzzled and said, "I disremember it entirely, if ever I knew it indeed, but I'll go up town and find out and be back in ten minutes." In a few minutes he returned, gave the priest the name, and on Tuesday they were married.

Novels such as those that we have noticed, deserve to be read not only for their own sakes, but also for the insight they give into the character and feelings of a people of whom Froude, who cannot be said to be too favorable to Ireland, writes: "Every cloud has its sunny side, and when all is said, Ireland is still the most beautiful island in the world, and the Irish themselves, though their temperament is ill-matched with ours, are still among the most interesting of peoples."

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## THE WINDS OF CATHRIGG.

### CHAPTER XXXV.

#### AT LAST.

The Christmas holidays brought Edward Mason down to Beachcombe, whither Viola had returned after her uncle's death, and where Caradoc also now betook himself.

He had spent most of the interval in Marsdale furthering the work at Cathrigg as well as the time of year permitted, and getting all his business matters settled to his satisfaction. Bid-dums had settled down quietly, with the reserve and patience of old age as to her personal feelings. Christmas

festivities did not come much into the traditions of Marsdale, and its scattered and independent inhabitants would not have welcomed wholesale Christmas gifts, but the little school was to have a splendid feast, and the church choir an equally good supper, at Sir Caradoc's expense. It also occurred to him, as he came through London, that a Christmas hamper might be despatched to the parsonage, so that the grandchildren come on a visit might have a treat also, by all of which simple means "Sir Caradoc" began to be a name of pleasant sound to the rising generation of his neighbors.

Cormac, who was young enough to endure a change, had been brought down to Beachcombe and established at "The Rowans," as Lady Crosby's house was called—out of the way of the Miss Tremaddocks' pug and Persian, and Viola found much solace in educating him and in taking him for walks along the sands and through the lanes. Last year Elsie had been her companion, but Elsie paid no visit at Beachcombe this winter. There was a general impression that she would come "in the spring."

It was a cold winter. Severe frosts were rare in Beachcombe, but on this occasion, to the dismay of all the advocates of the Beachcombe "climate," and to the delight of young and adventurous spirits, a piece of ornamental water in a neighboring park was actually frozen over.

All the inhabitants went about apologizing to the visitors for anything so unusual, "so very unusual" as a skating frost; but the two Crosbys and Ned Mason, who could skate like Americans, and had had nearly as much practice, felt that Beachcombe was not such a bad place after all.

They had tested black shining ice on tarns and pools among the hills, and more than once in their memories Marswater itself had been frozen over, and they had skated over it from end to end—by daylight and moonlight; when they had swept their own paths through the snow, or when the ice was hard and clear as the winter sky, with winter noises of wild birds in the air, and sometimes with a winter moon shining down upon them against the inky black of the shaded crags.

The present substitute was rather, as Viola put it, like skating on a twelfth-cake, though the scene was gay enough. Beachcombe society was there in force, and the skating of the young north-country folk was much admired. Not but what they had a rival when George

Winterton with his sisters appeared upon the scene, for his skating had been acquired in the States, and was admirable.

He and Viola and Ned Mason, with Caradoc for his lady, danced a quadrille in their skates to the admiration of the onlookers. After which he and Edward Mason incited each other to feats of skill with a persistency that made little Giles, an excellent skater for his age, say:

"Ned and Mr. Winterton want to cut each other out."

"They do, Gilesey," said Caradoc with a secret grin; "Ned's hard to beat, but I don't think he can do that wire-worn pattern on one leg. That came from across the water."

There was hot coffee to be bought from the enterprising person who went about with penny ices and lemonade in the summer; and presently the Miss Wintertons came up to Viola and said that they had set up tobogganing at their place, and would she and "her brothers," and her aunts if they would, come over for it to-morrow. Viola was a little attracted by the prospect of an amusement which she had never seen, and Laura Tremaddock, who had come out to join the party, accepted readily without giving her the chance of refusing.

The short winter day was soon over, the skaters dispersed, Caradoc politely escorted his aunt and kept Giles in tow, so that Viola and Edward walked home together.

"Are you getting to like Beachcombe better, Vi?" he said after a rather unaccountable silence.

"I like it well enough," she answered, "but I feel like a visitor still. It's all so mixed up. I don't feel quite as if I'd got a home. I haven't, you know, Ned. When I'm old enough to choose, I'll live at Greenhead."

'You wouldn't like to live in London, Vi—or near it?'



Viola's mind flew back to her vision of the suburb and the garden gate and the figure coming back from the London train.

"I never tried," she said quickly.

"Viola—would you—? Would you let me make you a home? You're the dearest of all living things to me, you always have been. I can't offer you what you might easily get, but Vi, my own Vi, I love you with every love in the world put together. Will you—"

"Yes—I will!" burst out Viola with a rush of tears and sobs as all her loneliness and her homelessness, and her longing for her lost past, and her fear of her vague future vanished all at once, and she turned to him without a misgiving or a doubt.

"Mother won't think I'm good enough for you," said Vi presently.

"Well, the aunts naturally won't think that I am good enough for you. But Crad doesn't object."

"It's our own affair," said Vi promptly. "No one can prevent it."

Another silence as they walked on together, then Vi said, with an air of conviction, at which her lover almost laughed:

"I do believe this was why I ran away from George Winterton!"

Neither Lady Crosby nor the aunts were quite as much astonished as the young people expected them to be. Neither party would have chosen the match, but, as Viola truly said, they could not help it, and they accepted it with a good grace. Caradoc made it plain that his sister should not come to her husband empty handed, and the house in the suburbs would be well within reach.

"And," said Viola, "we can spend the holidays at my house—at Greenhead Howe."

"I don't see why you should wait any longer, Crad," said Edward in the fulness of his heart, as they sat together that evening. "What is there to wait

for? Surely you have proved that you know your own mind, and all that scandalous nonsense has died out."

"I suppose so," said Caradoc. "But I shall never forget that my word about my father's death was doubted. There'll always be people to say, 'What did happen really?' It's just a finger the past puts out."

"Vi knows nothing about it."

"No; why should she? I wouldn't have her know for the world. But she knows about Elsie—and I can't stay away any longer. I've been patient and I've waited. They can't need any more proof that I'm in earnest. And that's all they need. They've given me the chance to forget her. I shall go again and tell her I haven't taken advantage of it. But I wish there wasn't that thought waiting to come out if I put any one's back up!"

A letter of excuse for failure to appear at the toboggan party was sent to Mr. Winterton by Miss Tremaddock, and Miss Crosby's engagement to Mr. Mason was announced in it. The skaters looked in vain for a repetition of the feats of the previous day, for the newly-engaged pair preferred to wander along the quieter parts of the shore together, and Sir Caradoc was speeding away northwards, suddenly feeling that his patience would endure no longer without a sight at least of Elsie.

Why should he stay away because it might be supposed that the Elsworthys were too glad to see him?

Yet he hesitated, and planned, and could not decide on how and when he should present himself.

It was late when his train arrived at Ashenhead station. He could not go to River Street to-night. But he had hardly jumped out on to the platform when, across from the other side of it, where a local train had just drawn up, came, to his great surprise, Elsie and Mr. Elsworth, who had been paying a

new year's visit to some friends a few miles up the line.

Elsie felt as if the summer sun had suddenly burst out in the cold dull winter world. What was said, what was settled she did not know, but in three minutes they were all walking back to River Street together and she heard Caradoc say:

"You know, sir, I know my own mind. You know I mean it. Why need I stay away any longer? Hasn't it been long enough?"

"I suppose it has," said Mr. Elsworthy, "if Elsie thinks so."

They were soon at the familiar door, and Mr. Elsworthy let them in with his latch-key. Every one was gone to bed but Quince, who made noise enough to wake a whole street full. There was supper on the table, and immediately afterwards a knock at the door—of the boy with Caradoc's bag, which he had vaguely ordered to be brought after him.

"Oh, I must see about your room," cried Elsie; "but it is ready. Mr. Rogers was coming back, but he put it off—his mother is ill."

She fled out of the room, and Caradoc turned to her father:

"You can't doubt my wishes now, sir. I shall be twenty-five next month. I've had no thought but not to be too unworthy of her."

"No, Sir Caradoc," said David with some formality, "I do not doubt you. I would have given you Elsie if you had remained here and worked with me, as once we thought, and I can't refuse her now to so different a fate. And there's no want of goodwill—"

He held out his hand as the set speech ended in a falter, and Caradoc, as he grasped it, said:

"One word more. You are convinced that I am Elsie's lover, and hers only; but the word as to my father's death was said, and there is no means of

disproving it forever. But I am living it down, and I will disregard it."

"We are prepared to show that we disregard it."

Then down came Miss Sophia, in a toilet certainly less finished than usual, and Elsie behind her, without her hat and coat, and the tension was relieved by a suggestion of supper.

Caradoc cut bread and waited on the others as he had done in what they all called "old times"; Viola's engagement made something easy to talk about, but it was all a whirl of unrealized joy till Caradoc found himself in his own old room and lying awake, almost afraid to sleep for fear his happiness should prove to be a dream.

The weather was changing, it rained heavily in the night, and he heard the rush of the river past his windows and the familiar sounds, which seemed to belong almost to another self. In the morning he would send a wire to Edward and bid him tell the news. There was no occasion for an hour's secrecy, and the daring idea occurred to him that he might take Elsie back with him to Beachcombe. Viola wanted her, all the aunts would be delighted. Why shouldn't it be?

As for secrecy, Elsie knew very well that the moment Sir Caradoc Crosby was seen leaving their house and walking down to the post-office to send his telegram, secrecy became an impossible thing, but she would not agree to go south with him. If any one invited her, she would come afterwards.

"I shall not believe in my happiness till I get you there," he said. "I have only known you here, and sometimes I think Ashenhead is a sort of Paradise, an Island of the Blest, and that you are a spirit only belonging there."

"Are you afraid I shall vanish or turn into a mermaid, or won't you like me among your own people?" said Elsie. "Don't you think I have felt as

if my prince was going back to Fairyland?"

"I want my own love in my own life," said Caradoc passionately. "I shall never rest till I have you in Marsdale. That must be done somehow, if we have to get the mother and all the aunts there first. I can't believe I have you—nothing has happened exactly to set things straight. First, I was too poor to marry you; then your father thought I was too rich; then came those tales, never disproved—"

"Oh yes," said Elsie, "they are disproved. There has been time to know that they couldn't have been true of you."

"Father," Elsie said, coming close up to him, when Caradoc had departed to prepare the way for her following him rapidly to Beachcombe. "Father dear, you're happy about it, aren't you? You don't think you're going to lose me?"

"No, Elsie, not more than it is in the nature of things, perhaps, that I should. I'm well content; but, of course, my daughter living in Ashenhead might have been less parted from me than my daughter in 'the highest circles,' as Mrs. Manvers remarked to me to-day."

"David," said Miss Sophy, "I think there is mistake. Our friend Caradoc is a young man of congenial spirit; thee might be parted by distance of soul more than by different circles in life."

"That's so," said Elsie. "Things happen because of what people are like. It couldn't have been if Caradoc had been another kind of person. We know that, though he may do foolish things, he couldn't desert you, papa."

"Character is stronger than circumstance."

"I think it is circumstance makes it," said Elsie.

But when Caradoc arrived at Beachcombe he found that a circumstance

had occurred of an amazing character. Edward Mason had gone down to Marsdale and had taken little Giles with him.

## CHAPTER XXXVI.

### ALL SAILS SET.

Mr. Tunstall, his two churchwardens, the two Fletchers, Mr. Hoxton the lawyer, and one or two other leading inhabitants of the neighborhood were gathered in the little dining-room of Marsdale Parsonage on the day after Sir Caradoc Crosby had returned to Beachcombe.

"What you have got us all here for, Mr. Tunstall, is more than I can say," said the lawyer; "something, I suppose, out of the common."

"I asked you to come, sir, in obedience to a letter from Mr. Mason, who stated that he had some information to give us relative to Sir Caradoc Crosby, the nature of which he did not mention. I expect him every minute, and if I'm not mistaken, I hear him arrive."

Mr. Tunstall opened the door and admitted Edward Mason, who, to the extreme surprise of the company, brought with him little Giles Crosby, dressed in his Eton suit, and looking solemn and rather shy.

"Gentlemen," said Edward, after a courteous greeting. "I have brought my little brother here on my own responsibility, and without communicating with Sir Caradoc Crosby, who knows nothing of my action. Giles has a statement to make which I think it desirable should be made in public, and he can answer any questions you like to ask him. Now, Giles, speak up, and clearly."

Little Giles stood at the top of the table and looked about him with his bright blue eyes. He held his head up like a true Crosby, as he said:

"On the day my father died I was

hiding up on the fell, and I saw it happen."

There was a general movement, and the lawyer said, "What did you see?"

"I saw father coming up from the house, rather slow and stumbling with his gout, to the place where you go over the beck, and then I saw my brother Caradoc coming up from the vale, very quick, and I was so surprised because we didn't know he had come home. They both stopped when they got to the high bank by the beck, one on each side, and father threw up his hands and dropped his stick, and cried out something, and Crad stopped on the top of the bank. Then father began to run down the bank, and he fell right down it into the water. And Crad gave a great shout and jumped down and tried to pick him up, and looked at him, and pulled his tie off, and then he ran down to the house, calling out, 'Vi, Vi!'"

"You are perfectly certain, Giles, that Caradoc did not touch your father before he fell?" said Edward.

"Oh yes; he couldn't. He was on the other side. Father fell right down the bank."

"And how was it," said Mr. Horton, "that this important evidence was not brought forward at the inquest?"

"Why didn't you speak of it, Giles?" said Edward.

"Because I was hiding. I'd run away from my governess. I wasn't at school then. And I was afraid to see any more, it—it frightened me. But I told my sister Molly, and we didn't like to talk about it."

"Tell them how it came out now," said Edward.

"We told my sister Viola, and she said we had better not talk about anything so dreadful. But she told you."

"Miss Crosby," said Edward, "was not aware that there had been any question of evidence being desirable. But when she told me in conversation

what the children had said, I at once saw the importance of it. In fact, I regarded it as of so much consequence, that I obtained Lady Crosby's leave to bring my little brother here to tell you what he had seen. Sir Caradoc was not with us at the time and knew nothing of my intention; nor did he, of course, know that Giles was present. If the coroner's verdict had not correctly given the cause of death as accidental, or if the idle talk which I heard of had found its way into print, or into general knowledge, of course the matter would have to be reopened, and Giles must make these statements on oath. His sisters might also have to come forward. But, as it is, gentlemen, it is to friends and neighbors that I wished him to speak, that no shadow might remain to cloud the beginning of Sir Caradoc Crosby's life here, or that of the young lady with whom he hopes to share it. I must not forestall particulars, but I may hint that his marriage engagement will very shortly be made public."

"Indeed, Mr. Mason," said Mr. Hoxton, "the story was never more than gossip, but people's minds were in a disturbed state. It is a lesson against repeating rumors. Any one who has done so ought to offer apologies to Sir Caradoc, and, for my part, I will take care that Master Giles' very clear statement shall be made known when necessary."

"Sir Caradoc and the young lady he has chosen will have a hearty welcome here," said Mr. Tunstall. "He will make another place of poor old Marsdale."

Then old Fletcher got up and said that there'd been matters in the past as had made bad blood, but they were all over and done with, and he would be glad to shake hands with Master Giles, and so would Matthew, and wish Sir Caradoc and his lady joy.

Edward was glad to put an end to

the scene and restore Giles to the paradise of puppies and of petting which Biddums provided for him, but he had one word of caution to give, and one thing more which he meant Giles to do.

"Now, Giles," he said, "you have to forget all this again. You've done grandly; but you don't want to remember, and you need never tell Moll and Mab that you had to speak up for Caradoc."

"Of course not," said Giles. "Crad told me that we had to set up the family's good name again, he and I. I understand all about it."

"You're a brick, Gilesey. And now I am going to take you to the Green Man at Ashby to tell some old friends there that Crad is going to be married."

"And that you're going to marry Vi," said Giles.

"Well, yes—you may tell them that too."

Edward knew, of course, that his bringing Giles down must be known and wondered at, at the Green Man and elsewhere in Ashby, and though he did not require the boy to repeat the story, he repeated it in a straight and simple fashion to Agnes Willson and her aunt, and allowed Giles to communicate the fact that his brother was going to be married to Miss Elsie Elsworthy.

The good landlady was full of congratulations, especially as Giles took care to tell the additional fact, which had much amazed him, that Viola was going to marry Ned.

Agnes listened quietly, and then said:

"Sir Caradoc told me he hoped to be married last spring. I wish him and the young lady well, and yourself, sir, and Miss Viola. Will you mention that I have heard from my brother-in-law in Auckland, and that I have made up my mind to go out to him and his wife

and help them on their farm. They're very well-to-do, and kindly wish for me."

"I hope you'll do well, Agnes," said Edward, shaking her hand; "indeed, I am sure you must, wherever you go. Now, Giles, we must get back to Greenhead. Biddums will wonder what I'm about with you."

Agnes looked after their departing fly for a minute in silence.

"Eh well," she said to herself, "I'd like to see Mr. Crad's young lady before I go."

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The dull elves, who cannot, as Sir Walter Scott tells us, figure to themselves the last details of a long story, have had of late years a bad time. Frequently we are not even told what the end of a story is, and always we are left alone in the very crisis. For my part, when I have followed through many pages, either with eyes or fingers, the varying fortunes of friendly folk, I should like, after sympathizing with all the sorrows necessarily heaped upon them, to enjoy a little of the happiness they have so hardly reached. I should like now to ring the wedding-bells, assist at refurnishing the drawing-rooms at Cathrigg, polish up the family plate, reset the family jewels, and describe the bride's wedding-dress. In any case, we may suppose that it was soon somehow contrived that Elsie should come to Marsdale, and that she and Agnes did see each other, with what mutual feelings it might perhaps take another chapter or two to analyze. We may be sure that Biddums' old age was not lonely, nor that of Jem wanting in comforts. We may guess that Swarth Ghyll remained in the Fletcher family, and that Matthew saw his way to looking after Sir Caradoc Crosby's flocks of sheep for him. And for the beautiful and good Agnes there would be new hopes and new possibilities across the sea.



But perhaps one reason why we cannot "wind up" our stories with all the detail of former days is, that we know better than our forefathers that they do not wind up to a finish, but to a new day's work. The story of one generation sets the pattern for that of

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the next, and life only begins on a wedding-day.

We can but say that Caradoc Crosby and Elsie Elsworthy began together. They set sail with a favorable wind, and we may wish them God-speed with hopeful hearts.

*Christabel Coleridge.*

### SOME MOTHING MEMORIES.

There have been mortals whose boast has been that they could see with open eyes the winged creatures of the night; green-clad men, fierce but courtly; snow-white women, black-eyed and yellow-haired; bloodless beings, reputed treacherous, but all the same adorable; singing troops, which swarm upon moonlit nights, circling round tree-tops, or where dark circles remain on the grass next morning to attest their passage. Such sights and sounds, however, are for the chosen. For others they may be now and then visible, but hardly with eyes open. Usually with eyes remarkably tightly closed, and ears pressed too closely to a pillow to distinguish very accurately the words of the singers.

There are winged creatures, not singers, yet musical some of them after their kind, which are less chary of their presence, or less exclusive in their selection of witnesses. Perishable mortals, built up of mere palpitating dust like ourselves, yet, given the right hour, the right environment, and the right weather, with methods of flight hardly less fantastic, hardly less captivating than the more famous fliers. To see these also as they ought to be seen some little preparation is needed. You are not obliged to be a seer of occult sights, a mystic, a visionary; nothing more poetic is necessary than that you should be a prosaic and quite ignorant naturalist. Let that claim once have

been presented, and you, too, have the key of the fields in your pocket; you, too, may roam the wood, the bog, the stone-strewn glen, and may moreover do so, at strange and unrecognized hours, in the ascetic gray of dawn, or at the blackest hour of godless midnight. Even if met and interrogated by some surprised guardian of the night—a gamekeeper or the like—you are pretty sure to escape with the very bearable penalty of the poor man's bewildered contempt.

#### I.

It is good to find yourself upon a moonless night—always moonless, for the taste of the moths exactly reverses that of the *sidhe*—in an old, but still upright wood in West Ireland. I say upright, because many of the woods in that region have been so beattered by storms that they have given up their upright position altogether, leaning away eastwards till it seems as if their tops were about to take root upside down in the ground. This will not do, for in such a wood you cannot manipulate your weapon as you ought. A wood large enough to provide tracks you must also have, and if it gives some central place in which you can stand, with many tracks converging towards you from various points, you can scarce do better.

The wood found, the night come, a

lantern lit, the entomologist in his place, what of the moths? Light is still hovering vaguely about, a flickering pink or lemon-tinted glow between the trunks, but night, impenetrable night, has already settled in all the deeper places, turning to a narrow red lane whenever the intrusive beam of your lantern turns its policeman's eye that way. Be still now for your very life: everything depends upon your stillness. See you burly fellow! common, doubtless, as the dust, but with what a gallant dash he comes towards you, and with what gleaming eyes, reflecting the light like pin-points as they pass. Behind him another, swerving suddenly to the right as he perceives the pencil of your beam ahead; doubtless, therefore, you say to yourself, a desirable rarity. Over it an undulating gray shape—a geometer by the flap of its wings—sauntering along, steering its way between the forward stretching twigs by grace of that sensory apparatus which seems to cover every inch of it like its feathery dust. Crossing that sober flight, swift as a bat and hard as a bullet, come two or three booming beetles of the night, things to be avoided, especially when they fly full tilt against your face. Missing you by a bare half-inch, off they go, the red gleam lighting up the steel of their wing-cases, and the harsh "burr-rr-rr" of their going running after them loudly through the black and solitary glades.

Faster and faster now more moths, excited themselves, and exciting to you, as you stand and watch for them. Emerging unexpectedly into view, see you large and quaker-colored person, an unlooked-for visitor this, a child of deep night and the small hours, roused from his sleep in some bed of nettles by that unseemly lantern of yours. Next, lob-lobbing sideways down the track, a large underwing, showing its orange-and-black border for one minute, before hurrying away in the oppo-

site direction. Clouds, meanwhile, of nameless things, pyrales and tortrices for the most part, are skirmishing up and down, mere dust of the air and uncounted atoms, nature's most redundant, and one would say most superfluous, offspring. Suddenly, high in air over everything and out of reach, what was that long-winged shape which shot past? Speculation goes to work; a Sphinx, you say to yourself; but which Sphinx? "Ligustri," "Ocellatus," "Elipenor"? Other names occur, but these are idle guesses. Back again, swifter than light, and with a shrill rustling, that sounds like the chance touching of some harp-string of the woods, see, it goes again. You upturn your lantern; you crane your neck to see into the topmost twigs. At first, nothing. All at once you catch fleeting glimpses of a swallow-like flight, so rapid as almost to defy the eye. Again and again, and now the impression comes to you of a bewitching dance, a wild mazurka, or serpentine saraband, being danced somewhere between you and the nearest star-points. And, as you watch, gradually all base and brutal thoughts of capture pass from your mind, lost in mere pleasure and admiration. What the falcon is amongst birds, the stag amongst hoofed beasts, that the Sphinx-moth is amongst its rivals in the insect world; supreme in mastery, a dream of delight to those who love perfection, and can recognize it when they see it. You, who do so, stand still, and watch, and watch. And while you watch a distant clock begins slowly to toll out one of the larger hours, and the night deepens, and the world rolls in its orbit, and you wonder how many of the more intelligent of your acquaintances have ever stood as you are doing to watch such a sight?

After a while, leaving your crossways, you saunter up a track, plunging your red beams into wells of blackness to right and left of you as you go.

Faster and faster, moths come flying through the tepid air. Into sight, and outagain; towards you, away from you; now lost in profound darkness; now seen for a second in the glare; flit, flap, whirl, dart, flop, tumble, roll; buzzing noisily, flitting silently, on they come; moths of every size, sort, color, and description. So fast do they swarm on some nights that your eye ends by being unable to distinguish anything beyond an endless succession of swiftly gyrating wings. Brown, fawn-colored, reddish, greenish-gray, grayish-white, full white, almost full black. In and out, up and down, to and fro they go, in a wild, kaleidoscopic swirl and tangle of living, moving, possibly enjoying, certainly vigorously palpitating life, a vision which is apt to follow you when at last you reluctantly go indoors, and to thrud once more its serpentine mazurkas and sarabands far into the recesses of your morning dreams.

## II.

A second mothing experience may be yours, if you will. This time you shall pursue under the shelter of a roof. That it is a weather-excluding one I will not go so far as to assert, indeed, seeing that some two centuries have elapsed since it was slept under, that seems to be scarcely probable. You are in a castle, let that suffice; one of ten thousand castles scattered over the face of Ireland, wherever Norman marauder came, or native imitator found stones, and the men to pile them. Like others of its kind it stands close to a modern dwelling-house, therefore naturally suggests itself to the entomological mind as the very place for an extemporized moth-trap.

A few mouldering window-sashes exist, kept for the benefit of wintering plants. Push these aside, and lean out for a few minutes. The night air reaches your nostrils plainly salt,

though the wind is not, from the west, but the southeast. Across the narrow encompassing cordon of trees—a mere barrier reef of greenery—you can dimly discern, stretching indefinitely away from you, the great stone-strewn plain of Galway, a waterless sea, or grassy desert, flat and featureless for the most part as the very Sahara itself.

But the moths, you ask, the moths? "They are coming, they are coming." Hear you not that gentle humming. Hark to the flutter of wings; hark to that soft but solid "plop, plop," as a fluffy but substantial body glues itself for a moment to the glass, peering in at you with amber eyes, and the next moment, having decided to enter, goes rustling noisily to and fro amongst the onions which depend in festoons from the ceiling. Thicker and quicker now they come, from many sides, and from many occupations; from the grass and the garden; from the stream-side and elsewhere; all drawn together by that false glare and glitter, the treacherous illumination of your castle window.

And now, in place of carrying our imaginary adventure to any imaginary end, I am minded to give you the finale, the deeply humiliating finale, of a *bonâ-fide* adventure, carried out in much the same scene, and much the same conditions, upon a certain night long past and dead.

For it befell years ago that an entomologist of my acquaintance, being in just such a scene as I have depicted, and alone, and the night an exceedingly black one, there began little by little to grow up within his entomological brain thoughts of a somewhat quaking and disquieting character, the last to be expected of any votary of natural science. For more and more, as the night deepened, and the wind rose in short gusts, making the candle flicker, there rushed with like gusts through his mind the thought that this place in which he stood was a very odd and a

very lonely one, and that many strange scenes and deeds must certainly have taken place there in the old days, which scenes and deeds might well be thought to have bequeathed leavings, as it were, and after effects, calculated to perturb mortals who rashly intruded themselves upon it, especially at ungodly hours.

For the further perturbation of that entomologist, it happened that there was in this ancient castle a certain ancient clock, which clock, being like itself somewhat out of gear, had a fashion of prefacing its strikings with singular grunts and grating discordances, due to some defect in its internal economy. And such discordances, with many odd and uncomfortable croakings, having prefaced the hour of eleven, our friend's already well-strung nerves were yet more disturbed by the same. When, therefore, a few minutes after that goblin striking, there came a resounding double rap upon one of the remaining panes of glass, and, looking up, our quaint scientist beheld a face—plainly and unmistakably a face—peeping in at him through the glass; a face clothed, or it seemed to him, with long, dusky, reddish hair, having in it large, seemingly human, eyes, which opened and shut with extreme rapidity—not assuredly the face of any moth that ever came out of cocoon—at that sight the overthrow alike of reason and of zoology became complete.

What or whose that face really was; whether it belonged to night-bird, to bat, or to other natural visitor of illuminated windows, let the demons that preside over causeless panic determine. To suppose for a moment that you, my stout-hearted reader, would have shared in so ignoble an alarm is, I am well aware, to insult you causelessly. All the same, whenever that scientific night's entertainment recurred to its projector's memory, he was unable to imagine any other finale to it

except the one with which it did, as a matter of fact, conclude—namely, a swift turning away from that eye-haunted window; a rapid descent of the broken stairs, leaving the candles to gutter themselves to death as they pleased; a tremulous race across a mercifully short space of garden walk, and the loud and most consolatory slamming of a back door!

### III.

Here is yet a third mothing experience. This time your feet are set, not in a decaying wood, the last fragment of a once widely-pervading forest, but upon a scrap of sea-wasted rock, a tiny Kerry islet, nearly small enough to take up betwixt the thumb and finger, quite small enough, therefore, for you to call for the moment your own. A roof of some sort—cottage or cabin—is in this case a necessity, for "sugaring" is a strictly dead-o-night's delight. That concession to sophistication secured, let me entreat you to have no other. If your islet boasts retainers—boatmen, gardeners, or the like—see that they are despatched at night-fall to the nearest mainland. By this means, and by this means only can you be sure that no human eye will survey your proceedings. The true naturalist is as shy a creature as the very prey he pursues, and of all forms of discomfort dreads most the cold, the supercilious, even the merely perplexed eye of his non-zoologic fellow Christian.

As for the preliminary arrangements—sugar, treacle, rum, and a painter's brush to put them on with—those I leave to your discretion. Two points I would, however, impress upon you. In the first place, whatever you do, do not, I pray you, spare the bottle! This is not a case, believe me, for sobriety; bid the preachers of temperance for this night betake themselves elsewhere; for this one night let Bacchus,

rosy Bacchus, beloved of Ariadne, and of our moths, reign supreme over your islet.

Another point concerns the laying on of your stuff. Be artistic with it, I implore you, and do it delicately. Remember that a moth, even an intoxicated moth, is a dainty feeder. He may gorge like any Roman Emperor, but he loveth not to entangle his feet, still less his wings, in your sugary concoctions. See to it that these are laid on then in thin and dainty strips, so that, alighting silently beside it, he may delicately insert his proboscis into that glutinous stream, so miraculously provided, and be able to carouse long and deep, without hurt accruing to that marvellous feather cloak he wears.

The night has come! You are practically alone upon your islet. Your retainers have been despatched long since to the opposite shore, and the rest of its inmates are, with the exception of yourself, either asleep, or on the road to that condition. Now is the moment for you to steal from the house, stealthy as another Guy Fawkes, closing the door behind you with a careful hand, and so out into the black pervasive night.

Black, but not cold, for the month is July, and you are in the very track and chosen path of the Gulf Stream. A mild breeze, honey-scented though salt-laden, is blowing to you from the illimitable West, and across a row of gorse bushes that bristle along the top of the cliff. Points and rills of light trickling thinly here and there, bewray the scattered habitations of the mainland. Across the narrow strip of water that lies between you and these comes a sound like slow subdued sighing. There is hardly any wind, but the Atlantic seldom really sleeps, and a thousand restless little wavelets are running in and out of the hollows, getting caught and delayed for a moment, then escaping again, and throwing themselves with

these sounds of satisfied longing upon the breast of their mighty mother.

You meanwhile are making your way as you best can down a small, but very steep and rocky defile, which your lantern turns into a sort of Aladdin's staircase, all glittering points, and jewell-studded knobs. Ferns—hymenophyllums and the like—are hanging by myriads out of the holes, but there is no time for thinking of these now. Groping and stumbling, you at last reach the lowest point in your islet, consequently the best for sugaring. Tree-trunks of any bulk it boasts not, trees yet it has, and old ones; for in all these Kerry islets plant-life flourishes, happy in having escaped that brutal devastation which has left the neighboring shores a mere desert, wrecked and desolated. Making your way to the tree already selected, you turn your light upon it. Too quick by far! At least a dozen cautious toppers have been scared by your precipitancy. Wait and do it again, this time stealing the light upon them as though it were a process of nature; as though the night for some reason had been curtailed of half its rightful hours, and you were the Dawn herself in proper person.

Behold the results of discretion—and of intoxication! Several of the company were so far gone that even your first rude onset has had evidently no effect upon them. Others which had sidled away have now returned. See that row of "Peach-blossoms," fairest and daintiest of all the daughters of Dissipation. Pill-box them swiftly, lest they repent them, and begone. Alas, the potent spirit has o'ercrowded them; they drop in helplessly, without even an effort to escape. More and more, and all in the like estate; large and small, gay or the reverse, chiefly the reverse, for your average noctua is but a dull and sober-looking dog, even when he has been up all night drinking rum. Send now for the preachers of



temperance! Let them come in their myriads, and be presented each of them with a pill-box—a transparent one—in which sits a living image of the Complete Drunkard, set and framed, a warning to man, and to every other insect.

But morality must wait till the morning, when a sort of rough assize will be held, and half your captors dismissed, like other sobered drunkards, with a warning. Sugaring is not a lengthy process. If the company have not assembled of their own accord, and at the summons of intoxication, there is not much use in waiting for them. One more round therefore of the trees, one more exhibition of the detective lantern, of the reformatory pill-boxes, and you may go home. Again you grope and stumble along the Aladdin passage, this time upwards, glancing ahead of you as you go, and half expecting to meet—you know not quite who or what.

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As you come out at the top, quickening your steps, with thoughts of your neglected bed, you once more hear the Atlantic, still rolling restlessly to and fro on its own vast bed. Once more the honeyed scent of the gorse comes to your nostrils; once more you perceive the scattered, now nearly extinguished, lights of the mainland. And, as you stand for a moment on the threshold to extinguish your lantern, you turn back—at least it is my intention that you should turn back—with a very kindly feeling in your heart for your own little islet; so wild, yet so well clothed; so near shore, yet so secure against intrusion; a mere toy in one aspect, yet dignified too, in its rock-girt completeness, in its wave-encircled isolation. Lastly, as you betake yourself indoors, you heave possibly an involuntary sigh, remembering that as a matter of fact your bewitching islet is not really *your* islet at all.

Emily Lawless.

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## FINDING OF THE WHITE LAMA.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL A. F. MOCKLER-FERRYMAN.

(Conclusion.)

On looking round Gillmore discovered that he was in a narrow gorge, with sides rising perpendicularly for apparently several thousands of feet; down this he and his attendant slowly wended their way, arriving shortly after dusk at a huge gate in a massive stone wall built across the end of the gorge, and completely blocking the exit.

Once more the jackal-signal was given, and the gate was opened. Several large mastiffs strained at their chains, and two armed lamas received the travellers, who were at once conducted to a small *serai* on the inside of

the gate. Here, in an inner room, as on the previous night, Gillmore was accommodated with food and a bed; his guide on the day's march set down the baggage which he had carried down the gorge, and after a little while brought in the guide for the following day's journey.

Fresh ponies were provided in the morning, and, as usual, an early start was made. Nothing of interest occurred for several hours, the way lying for the most part across an open sandy desert, over which ever and anon arose a succession of mirages; while occasionally a herd of antelope

was to be seen scampering across the plain, the animal's bodies projected by the shimmering heat-waves to a height of several feet above the ground. The hills were reached again at noon; and in another hour the guide halted on the summit of a snow-pass, and, pointing down the valley, exclaimed, "Yonder stands Tscho Pangl, our destination."

It was a most striking view that presented itself to the eyes of the Englishman. From where he stood the country sloped gently down into a wide valley, the perpetual snow-line ceasing half a mile below, when its place was taken by a long stretch of cultivation, now bright and green with springing corn. Beyond lay a lake of vast expanse, bounded on two sides by mighty mountains, its farthest extremity, however, being invisible. The scenery was not altogether unlike that of the Golden Valley, except that the lake was of far greater extent, and the picturesqueness was increased a hundredfold by the strangely situated *gompa*, standing perched, a thousand feet above the water, on a rocky islet in the lake.

On the margin of the lake they were met by a small body of armed men, who, after taking charge of their ponies, led them to a large barge quaintly painted in red and gold. This the whole party entered; and the lamas, bending to the oars, soon covered the mile of water which separated the islet from the shore. Landing-place there was none; one huge solid rock rose out of the depths of the lake, its sides being round, perfectly smooth, and perpendicular for a height of two or three hundred feet; above this appeared fissures and clefts, with here and there a gnarled and twisted juniper-bush; then followed further lofty precipices, surmounted by massive projecting rocks and built-out platforms, on which stood the lamasery itself. No more impregnable fortress could be devised, as Gillmore had every opportunity of judging

for himself during the ten minutes that he was suspended over the water by the rope which had been lowered for him.

The end of the toilsome journey had come, and a strange feeling of suppressed excitement took possession of the man who had undertaken to fulfil the wishes of his dying countryman. A large number of solemn *gelupkas*, or lamas of the yellow order, with shaven heads, stood on the platform by the prayer-mill windlass which was combining the double office of rope-winder and prayer-maker; and, as Gillmore was released, they formed themselves, without uttering a word, into a procession, to precede him along a dark rock-hewn gallery ending in a flight of steps. Up these they moved until they reached the topmost chamber of the *gompa*—a square and spacious apartment, with windows opening from all four walls and letting in the long golden rays of the setting sun. In the centre, on a low wooden couch, lay the dying man, clothed in yellow robes. Within easy reach of his outstretched hand was a heavy prayer-wheel, pivoted between the floor and roof, and slowly revolving—the only sign that life still flickered in the otherwise motionless body. Silently the lamas knelt round the cot, and with bowed heads muttered a prayer; then one of them gently touched the prostrate form, and whispered that the Englishman had arrived. The effect was electrical; the man raised himself, and, shading his eyes with his hand, stared at Gillmore; then, motioning to the lamas, he murmured, "Brothers, leave me for a space."

The two Englishmen were now alone, and Gillmore, kneeling by the bedside, took the thin bony hand in his and kissed it. The face before him, pale, wan, and wrinkled though it was, still had the unmistakable features of a European; otherwise there was noth-

ing to show that the dying man was not an ordinary Bhoti lama.

"Thank you a thousand times for coming," began the English lama, clasping Gillmore's hand. "I had the wish, and my brethren were good to carry it out. I believe they love me, as I also love them; but they know that though I am their head I am not their people. My time is short. I cannot talk much; but I have secretly written out my history on scraps of paper which I have here under my pillow. Take them; but be careful that they are not discovered on you. Promise me that you will remain with me till I die, and hold my hand in yours. It will not be long now. *Om mani*!"—

The opening words of the sacred verse were uttered in a loud, clear voice. Gillmore heard hurrying footsteps on the stone stairs; and just in time, he secured the papers from beneath the pillow and thrust them into his breast. The priests entered the chamber and took up the low wailing chant, "*Om mani padmi hum*," but too late; the soul of the white lama had flown to prepare for its re-birth on the morrow.

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Four days later Gillmore was seated with Keane and the Wuzir in the latter's house at Leh, engaged in answering questions, after an enthusiastic greeting on his safe return, and at the conclusion of a general description of his extraordinary experiences.

"You have not told us the name of the white lama."

"For the very good reason that I never learned it; but I dare say it is in his confession, which I have been afraid to look at as yet. I carried the papers next to my skin on the return journey, and hardly slept a wink, fearing that they would be stolen from me. Here they are. Let's have a look at them."

"Not now," said the Wuzir. "Take my advice, and keep them safe until

you get out of this country. I am as much interested in the story as either of you; but I know what a hold their religion has on the lamas. Probably the mystery of the white lama is known well enough in the country, and if it were suspected that the secret was discovered Buddhist fanaticism might rise to the occasion. I am certain that in a similar case we Mohammedans would stick at nothing."

So it came about that Gillmore continued to carry the papers on his person during the march back to Srinagar; and, as the Wuzir was as inquisitive as either of the Englishmen, he contrived to find some urgent business which required his immediate presence in the Kashmir capital. It was a month later that the two friends met to open the mysterious manuscript—a month every night of which had been a sore temptation to Keane and the Wuzir; But Gillmore guarded the treasure jealously, arguing that he had undergone immense toll and severe hardships, and that it would be a thousand pities if the white lama's history should run the risk of being lost for ever by impatient curiosity.

Never did three conspirators meet with more pent-up expectancy; and as Gillmore laid the packet before him on the table the others stood round him to assist in the reading. It proved no easy matter. The writing was in parts barely legible, the English was faulty, and now and again failed altogether, the writer passing into Hindustani and Pali. With the latter he seemed most familiar, and here the Wuzir came to the front, translating the passages readily. Before midnight the whole manuscript had been deciphered and converted into English, Keane carefully writing it down, and finally reading it slowly and aloud:

"I, Sariputra, Priest of Buddha, Spiritual Head of Tscho Pangl *gompa*, knowing that I am about to pass hence

to my next re-birth—whether in this world or in another planet no man can tell—desire to make known the story of this worldly passage which is just closing. Why should I have this strange desire? It is because of a vision that has appeared to me. By reading my somewhat strange history, the people of whom I was born may be drawn towards the beautiful religion which has brought knowledge, calm, and peace to one who formerly was ignorant, sinful, and without merit. The way of the Noble Eightfold Path is long and accompanied with endless trials and vicissitudes; but there lies beyond it the acquirement of the knowledge of the Four Noble Truths of the Lord Buddha, by which alone the number of re-births can be reduced and the attainment of Nirvāna hastened. Listen, O ye men of the outer world! to the words of Sariputra, once living in the downward course, but now dying to enter on a more meritorious existence. Listen and take heed; live apart and meditate, so that the knowledge of the miseries of your existence may be given you.

"Let me begin at the beginning. I write for my fellow-countrymen, and to attain my object I must be clear throughout; but they must remember that I write under difficulties and secretly, for my brethren would never permit the communication. I have devised a plan for placing my story in the hands of the outside world. Whether it will succeed I cannot say; but if it does succeed, and these writings be read, then shall I have made an endeavor to arouse the world to a sense of its sinfulness.

"The name by which I was known for the first thirty years of my life was Harold Breakspear—how strange it sounds! My father was an Indian General, and commanded a brigade in the Sikh war, where I myself was his aide-de-camp. Subsequently I entered

the Bengal Cavalry, and for several years lived solely to enjoy myself, being devoted to what was called 'sport.' When a young captain of thirty I visited this country on a shooting expedition, and through thoughtlessness committed a crime which led to the commission of a second crime, for both of which I was swiftly condemned to pay the penalty.

"The first crime, as I have said, was committed thoughtlessly, yet it was nevertheless theft and sacrilege. I was travelling into the valley of the Changchenmo River, and camped for the night in the fields beneath the *gompa* of Chimray, close to several *chortens* containing the bones of sainted lamas. In a niche in one of these I observed a tiny image of Siddhartha Gautama, studded with precious stones; and in an evil hour I set my heart on adding it to my collection of curiosities. In the stillness of the night I crept silently to the *chorten*, and after some difficulty managed to find my prize, which I bore back in triumph to my tent. Closer inspection told me that it was of great value, since it was composed of solid gold, in which were embedded what were undoubtedly the richest gems, though rudely cut. The theft troubled me little, as I had frequently taken part in the looting of temples in Indian warfare; and, packing the image away at the bottom of a *killta* which I kept locked, I forgot the whole incident.

"Three months passed, and the time came for my return from the wilds. I camped again at Chimray, and visited the *chortens* in hopes of further booty, but without success. Then I travelled through Leh towards Srinugger. At Leh I repacked my baggage, taking care to place the precious image at the bottom of the *killta* containing my books and private papers. Two days later the *killta* was stolen from my tent; but, disgusted as I was, I was afraid to

make a commotion in the village. The recovery of the stolen property would have disclosed my own theft; and under the circumstances I thought it best to let the matter drop. On arriving at Basgo I was visited by a Bhoti *shikari*, who talked much of shooting, and who assured me that he would show me good sport if I would accompany him next day across the river. This I agreed to do, and shortly after day-break we were making the best of our way up a stony ravine on the far side of the river. Then we descended into another ravine, at the bottom of which four lamas suddenly appeared from behind a rock; at the same time my *shikari* turned to me with a grim smile and said, 'These men have come to take you for stealing the Golden Gautama of Chimray.' Seeing that I had been entrapped, I placed my back against a rock, and raising my loaded musket, told them that I would shoot the first man who approached. Nothing daunted, my *shikari* seized a large stone, hurled it, and rushed in on me. In self-defence I shot him dead. The four lamas saw their opportunity, and, before I could reload, overpowered me and quickly bound me with cords.

"We were then some miles from the monastery, to which it was evidently not intended to convey me until night-fall, for I was carried by two of the men to a cave about half a mile distant, whither also the corpse of the *shikari* was brought, and laid by my side. Here I lay, bound hand and foot, all day; and at dusk the four lamas formed a solemn procession, two carrying myself and the others carrying the corpse. I asked to be allowed to walk; but, evidently fearing to unbind my feet, they refused my request, and it was some hours before we reached the gate of the lamasery. Up a never-ending flight of steps, through labyrinths of long passages dimly lighted with flickering oil-wicks, now passing

along galleries half-open to the night air, up further steps, and down again into more passages, my jailers bore me weary and worn out. At length we arrived at a solid door in the side of the rock. The heavy iron bars and bolts were raised, and my aching body was put down on the floor of the dungeon. A small portion of food and water was placed in the corner of the cell, my cords were unloosed, and, to my horror, the corpse was set down by my side. The lamas withdrew after lighting a lamp, and I heard the bars of the door fall into their strong sockets. Was this to be forever? I wondered, or would the morrow bring release, or fresh horrors?

"Whether I slept or fell into a state of stupor I cannot say; but after a lapse of what must have been many hours I was aroused by the clanging of the bars, and the door opened to admit two men with drawn swords. I was informed that I was summoned to my trial, and forthwith was conveyed through a succession of long dark corridors to a large hall, where I found assembled the *chagzot* and a number of high lamas.

"The trial lasted for several hours, and I need only say that I was found guilty of sacrilege and murder, and sentenced to be tied to the corpse and to be burned with it. The stolen image was produced at the trial, as well as all my books and the remainder of the contents of my *killa*.

"I was taken back to my cell, but later was reconveyed to the hall of trial, where I was informed that my sentence had been reconsidered; that the teaching of Buddha, as set forth in the Dhamma-pada, forbade returning evil for evil; that I had sinned grievously, but that it had been decided that I should live to be taught the knowledge which alone led to salvation. To remind me of my sin, the Golden Gautama was to remain always in my



presence, and several lamas were appointed as my teachers. The *chagzot* read from the holy books a lengthy exhortation, and admonished me that although the death-sentence had been remitted, I would have to pass through many trying ordeals, lasting throughout a period of many years; that I might abandon for ever the thought of escape or communication with the outer world; but that, if I proved myself studious and desirous of atonement, I had before me in the remote future a life of peace and spiritual comfort.

"I was scourged before the assembly with sharp-cutting thongs of raw hide, and then handed over to my *guru* to commence my novitiate, which, though it lasted for a space of time covering fourteen annual festivals, remains in my memory not so much by reason of the hardships that I underwent as for the eventual knowledge that I acquired. I passed through the ordeal of fire and the ordeal of water. I practised, for months at a time, *hathayoga*, *bhaktiyoga*, *pranayam*, and the like; I spent nights in the bottomless pit. I studied deeply of the Pitakas, and became proficient in Pali and Sanskrit; and all this time I was daily scourged in the presence of the stolen image. I received much praise from my teachers, and was eventually permitted to take my place as a working lama within the precincts of the monastery. After a while I obtained leave to practice *dhyana*, and became renowned in miracle-working, or *lokothra*. So great a power did I develop that the *chagzot* assembled his lamas and initiated me into the priesthood.

"All desire to return to the world and my former life had long since left me, and I begged to be transferred to some secluded spot where I might be able to devote myself entirely to study and contemplation. I said that all desire to return to the world had been abandoned; yet this is not quite the truth,

for during my novitiate I once took part in the Dance of Death at Himis, whereat an Englishman was present, and I was sorely tempted to disclose my identity and seek his aid. But the temptation passed; and, from fear that I might be again exposed to its influence, I was ever anxious to retire into the more inaccessible parts of the country. My opportunity soon came, and after lengthy negotiations with Lhasa, I was moved across the border into Chinese Tibet where I was received into the yellow priesthood as a minor lama of the Tscho Pangl *gompa*.

"That was nearly twenty-five years ago, and from that day to this I have resided within the walls of the island lamasery. My story went with me to Tscho Pangl, as did the Golden Ghatama, which I had long since come to regard as my saviour. It lived before my eyes to remind me of the past, and is still ever present in my mind; by day it rests in its niche in the wall, by night it lies clasped in my hand. There is little more to say. I acquired grace and knowledge, and I rose in the priesthood, until I became the head of my holy brethren. The expiation of my crimes was complete, and the pardon of the Deli Lama was conveyed to me by a special deputation of the highest lamas of Lhasa. I have begged and been granted one request—that when after death my body is consumed in the fire, my ashes shall be enclosed in an image resembling that of the Golden Gautama of Chimray. *Om Mani Padmi Hum. Oh! the jewel in the Lotus. Amen.*"

\* \* \* \* \*

It was midnight when the Wuzir retired from the Englishman's room; but an hour later he returned, looking worried and excited. Keane was asleep, but Gillmore still sat smoking; and the Wuzir on entering noticed that

a great change had come over him; he was paler than usual, and his eyes wore a strange, hunted expression.

"Why didn't you tell us that you had taken it?" asked the Wuzir, coming to the point at once.

"Taken what?" demanded Gillmore roughly.

"The Golden Guatama of Chimray."

Gillmore grew livid, and trembling violently, said in a whisper, "For Heaven's sake don't speak so loud! How did you find out?"

"In this way," slowly answered the Wuzir. "I have spent the last hour with three men from Tscho Pangl who accuse you of stealing the Golden Gautama from the monastery. They demanded that you should be sent back to Leh for trial. I have, however, arranged with them that you shall return the image and pay five hundred ru-

Chambers's Journal.

pees to the monastery as compensation.

"All right," said Gillmore, thrusting his hand into the front of his coat and withdrawing a small packet; "there's the beastly image; but I haven't got enough money to pay the fine."

"I will lend you that, and you can send it to me when you get back to India."

"Thanks, you good old Wuzir; you have seen me through a very bad business, and I shall be ever grateful. Honestly, I could not help taking it; it looked so tempting lying on the ground at my feet when the white lama died; and of course I did not know its history then. You won't catch me in Ladak again, for I don't feel inclined to take over the Tscho Pangl district—even with the prospect of Nirvāna."

## BIBLIOMANIA.

Book-collecting has been described as "the melancholy pleasure of the poor." We might, of course, as well describe golf as "the last refuge of the senile." Old men can play golf, after a fashion, and, after a fashion, poor men (by which term I mean men with less than 15,000*l.* a year) can collect books. But real golf demands youth and strength, a keen eye, a sturdy body, a wrist of steel. In the same way genuine book-collecting, the accumulation of books of sterling permanent value, requires wealth. On the other hand, just as the duffer can "foozle" round the course "in a manner pleasing to himself, but disgusting to others" (as Herodotus says of the dancing of Hippocleides), so the poor man may potter about book-stalls and contrive to invent new cheap objects of desire, and divert himself

among his twopenny treasures. *Regum aquabat opes animo* says Virgil of his old contented gardener, and the poor collector may be as pleased with himself and his rubbish as a Spencer, a Roxburghe, a Huth, or a Mazarin, with his regal possessions. The poor man also resembles the humble bottom-fisher, the angler for roach, and perch, and dace, and barbel, and other coarse fish. They do very well for him, though trout and salmon are beyond his reach. The poor man keeps hoping for "a bargain," to pick up a tract worth hundreds in a fourpenny box. Such things occur—once in a blue moon. But these treasures are usually a forgotten child's tale by Lamb, or a topsy-turvy set of proofs, or a chaotic sketch of a work later issued by Goldsmith. Personally I do not covet such things, though they

are vendible for large sums. Besides, it is not fair to give a stall-keeper sixpence for what one knows to be worth 100*l.* in the market. You would not buy from a poor man for half a crown what you knew to be a diamond, and he believed to be a piece of glass. For my part I never had the chance; perhaps it is as well for the poor man that I never did! But, even with the best of luck and the worst of morals, a poor man cannot hope to buy a really good volume, one of the pillars of a library, cheap. We must then distinguish between the ambitions of the poor and of the rich collector.

The rich collector, first, is apt to want manuscripts. By these he seldom means historical manuscripts, to a well regulated mind perhaps the most moving of any. They are not pretty, they are not gilded and illuminated; but who knows what secrets of the past may lurk under the crabbed hands? Personally I want the originals of Queen Mary's Casket Letters, the poisonous letters which she is said to have written to the Earl of Bothwell. Did she write them, or are they, in part, forgeries? We shall never be certain. They are known to have been in the hands of the first Earl of Gowrie in 1584. Collectors were in the market. Queen Elizabeth offered largely, so did Queen Mary, but Gowrie would not part.

Now it is not impossible that you or I might have bought these papers lately for a sovereign! I tell you the story as it was told to me, only suppressing a name. In 1584, we know, Gowrie held these priceless treasures, having received them through a bastard of the Earl of Morton about the time of that nobleman's execution. In the spring of 1584 Gowrie was awkwardly situated. He was suspected by his king of intending a new rebellion, and he was suspected by his fellow conspirators of having taken to the fine arts and lost his taste for high treason, then the rul-

ing passion of the Scottish gentry. In these circumstances he left his new gallery of Italian art at Perth and went to Dundee. Here he had the sea open before him: if the conspiracy of his friends was a success, he could join them; if it failed, he could sail to England or abroad. Now since nothing would have made him so welcome to Elizabeth as the Casket Letters, Gowrie probably carried the letters with him to Dundee. But here he was arrested by Colonel Stewart, after attempting to defend the house in which he was living, and we never hear more of the Casket or the letters. But five years ago the house in Dundee where Gowrie resided was pulled down, and a gentleman begged the workmen employed to search carefully for any old papers. None were found, but the inquirer learned that, five or six years previously, another old house hard by, named "Lady Wark's Stairs," had been demolished, and that in a secret recess in the angle of a chimney place a workman had found a bundle of old MSS. The workman carried them (the story went on) to a person whom he regarded as an authority in things antiquarian. This authority looked at the papers, said that they "*were only old letters in French*," and gave them back. No more is known of them. Any old letters in French, concealed in a secret hiding hole of a sixteenth-century house in Scotland, would deserve attention. But if these papers had been conveyed by Gowrie to a friend at Dundee, and if they were the contents of Queen Mary's Casket, what a bargain the collector might have bought from the finder of the treasure! I tell the story as it was told to me, and the moral is to look at old MSS. before throwing them away. The number of valuable old papers which have been destroyed by ladies as useless rubbish is incalculable. Other ladies sell them for waste paper, and the historical collector is not unlikely

to find treasures in rag and bone shops.

The rich collector is not usually a Sir Thomas Phillips. The MSS. which he desires are illuminated mediæval books. These are beautiful *bibelots*, owing to the gold and colors of the illuminator and the exquisite handwriting, while occasionally the old covers in the precious metals, set with crystals and antique gems, are preserved. The poor collector might as well take a fancy to collect diamonds or Raffaelles as set his heart on these luxuries. Personally I possess exactly one beautiful fourteenth-century MS. in a glorified modern binding, in morocco mosaic. But *that* was a present from a friend (and publisher, the Society of Authors may be pleased to hear). The weak point about the majority of these lovely MSS. is that they are "Sunday books," psalters, gospels, breviaries, and so on. Now many of us do not hanker after mediæval Sunday books, which is just as well, for we cannot hope to possess them, nor to own the very earliest printed Bibles, without which no real collector's library can exist. For devotional and literary purposes I much prefer a cheap Bible of to-day to the celebrated Mazarin example. But this merely proves that I am not really a collector, as I do not desire to possess any book, were it the Dante with engravings after Sandro Botticelli, which I cannot read with tolerable ease. Caxtons allure me not; yet a collector worthy of the name must have Caxtons, must also have early printed romances, which cost a pretty penny. Then he must have a perfect example of Shakespeare's plays in the first folio, again a volume which I can readily do without. Only about half a dozen perfect copies are known, writes Mr. Slater, and the slave is base who puts up with an imperfect or "faked" copy. As much as 1,080*l.*, and again 1,700*l.*, has been paid

for a perfect example of the folio, though 2*l.* 4*s.* 6*d.* purchased the article in 1781. In 1812 the Roxburghe folio fetched only 100*l.*, writes Mr. Slater. I would not give more than fifty shillings myself, except to sell the book again: a practice unworthy of a gentleman. We ought never to buy books (or anything else) with an eye to pecuniary profit, and he who does so is a tradesman, not a collector. It has occurred to me to buy the first edition of Ben Jonson's works cheap; but that was because I thought that I might read them. Mrs. Gallup may have them at a reduction; there must be a good deal of Bacon in them, in cipher. Ben is not fashionable in early editions; Bacon (as Shakespeare) is, and a true collector must have not only the folio, but the quartos. He may leave "Americana" to the Americans—we do not grudge them these treatises. The British amateur prefers fourteenth-century MSS., as anyone may ascertain by looking at the publications of the Roxburghe Club. Many of them are beautiful reproductions of mediæval MSS.; for example, the Mandeville, presented by the late Marquis of Bath, and the beautiful Metz Pontifical, recently presented by Sir Thomas Brooke; and another gem, by Mr. Yates Thompson. But there is more lively and otherwise inaccessible matter, just to *read*, unpublished, in MS. in the "Confessions of a Solicitor," which I hope to lay at the feet of the President. This ornament of the legal profession (the notary) was hanged on August 12, 1608, and he richly deserved it.

The list of Roxburghe Club books, then, proves that the higher bibliophiles, on the whole, prefer mediæval MSS. and the stately reproduction of these beautiful tomes to any other class of manuscripts, literary or historical. This fact indicates the line of division between great collectors and the humble collectors who make up the

body of the army. Meanwhile, the person who, in the first place, wants to read his books for pleasure or for purposes of history is hardly a collector at all. Thus the maker of the very curious library at Abbotsford was only a true collector in a secondary sense. His books were not mere garden flowers, but treasures of honey, the stuff of history, poetry, and romance.

Not being able to purchase the true pillars of a great collection, the manuscripts, and incunables, and Shakespeare folios, and magnificent illustrated works, and so forth, the lowly collector invents curiosities within his reach. For long he believed vaguely, but strongly, in Aldines and Elzevirs. He might almost as well collect Tauchnitz novels! The famous Dutch and Venetian printers published very large editions of the ancient classics, and the Elzevirs dealt freely in pirated French literature and in books which could not safely be issued in France. So large were their editions that examples are very common. They are therefore only esteemed when the book chances to be very rare, like the well-known "*Pâtissier Français*"; or is unusually "tall," that is uncropped by the binder; or has been bound in morocco for some celebrated collector; or, in the case of the Aldines, presents readings from some ancient manuscript which, perhaps, has disappeared. But the man who begins to collect often rejoices (I did once) over *any* Aldine or Elzevir, as if it were a rare treasure. The Elzevir Virgil, the "*Imitatio Christi*," and a few others are quite worth possessing, but such cases are rare.

Then we aim at first editions, and this taste is sympathetic. It really is pleasant to see the book as its author first beheld it, whether the type be as bad as that of Lovelace's "*Lucasta*," or Herrick's "*Hesperides*," or merely the commonplace type of early Keatses, Shelleys, Tennysons, and so forth. But

since I began to take an interest in these matters the market value even of the great poets of the nineteenth century has risen out of all knowledge, especially in the case of Keats. I got all three original Keatses for some eight or nine pounds. Now they vary in price, but probably you might have to give ten times as much for the three, unless you are lucky, and some poor stall-keeper is ignorant. When a previous owner has had any of this class of book bound, even in morocco, he has knocked most of its market value away. The poets esteemed by the collector were published only in small editions, which did not sell; whereas Byron and Scott, with their huge editions, are only valued in rare cases, such as Byron's "*The Waltz*," and the *Waverley Novels* as they came from the booksellers, in boards, uncut. Among the poets of the eighteenth century Goldsmith is dear to the collector; and certain editions of Gray and Collins, such as Walpole's edition, and that which Collins burned in a pet, being seldom met with, are esteemed. Collins's *Odes* I happened to buy cheap, but it seems very seldom to come into the market, so perhaps, for once, I secured a bargain. The bargain of all bargains was bought by the Bodleian Library at the sale of the undesirable lots of an English parish library. The owners wanted to buy books more "up to date," and sold the Gospels of Margaret, Queen and Saint, for about five pounds. On the fly-leaf was a record of the miracle (her only one) wrought for the Saint in the case of this very book, as narrated by her confessor and biographer, Turgot. Now, as Margaret was contemporary with the Norman Conquest, and was a lady as famous as she was charming, her Gospels were very cheap at some five or six pounds. Happily they did not go to America!

As first editions even of Keats and Tennyson are sold at prices beyond the



purse of the ordinary collector, he took for a couple of years to buying large paper editions of mere moderns, even of the present writer! But this craze died an early death, like that for the huge *éditions de luxe*, which were so called because they could not be read with comfort. Mr. du Maurier in a series of sketches depicted the amateur adopting various distressing postures in the vain attempt to read a book in an *édition de luxe*.

New authors were then added to the first-edition brigade, such as FitzGerald in the first edition of Omar Khayyam. Even the early rhymes of the present writer (1872) ought not to be parted with by happy owners for 1*l.* 5*s.* A persistent person keeps advertising an offer of twenty-five shillings for these old rhymes and for many better books. But their market value, if not "far above rubies," is far above twenty-five shillings.

Quite juvenile authors relatively, like Mr. R. L. Stevenson and Mr. Kipling, were next fixed upon by collectors who wanted to "get in on the ground floor." The plan was to buy an early, perhaps a boyish trifle that no mortal had thought of wanting, and then to make people want it. It is not likely that the owners of the Huth or Holford Libraries or that the Duke of Devonshire "plunged" upon early Kiplings; but somebody paid 155*l.* for that author's "Schoolboy Lyrics," which, as common-sense returned and more copies came into the market, "realized" only 3*l.* 5*s.* The "United Service College Chronicle" (to which I presume that Mr. Kipling must have been a contributor) sank from 135*l.* to 3*l.* 5*s.* Mr. Stevenson's boyish trifles or privately printed skits also soared and dropped. Mr. Slater, whom I cite, says that Mr. Swinburne's "Song of Italy" was well thought of till "a large remainder was accidentally discovered and thrown on the market." The poem itself is undeniably energetic, and injurious to the susceptibili-

ties of Austria—of the Vatican also, I fear. But the collector did not value it for these merits, poetical and political. He thought that it was "very rare," and it was not. Can we suppress a smile at the disappointment of the collector?

In the case of the Kelmscott Press books the collector knows how many copies exist, and no surprise can be sprung upon him. They are pretty books, and most creditable to the taste of Mr. Morris, but as they are not very easily read one feels no ardent desire to possess them.

As we go back in time—to the Cavalier poets, to Milton, to Spenser, and so on—first editions become rarer; but Izaak Walton in "The Compleat Angler" and Bunyan with his "Pilgrim's Progress" win the most prodigious prices. They are both amiable books, these dumpy, modest tomes, in the original sheep; but they are so expensive merely because they were so cheap and popular that they were worn almost out of existence. They were carried in the pocket of the devotee, in the creel of the angler; they were left lying about (being so cheap) among the flowers and grasses of the Test or Lee, or wherever an unawakened pilgrim might "take one" (like a tract) and read and go away the wiser. So the books are of the utmost rarity; no "large remainder" of them will ever be discovered. They are like our sixpenny editions of novels, in the way of being worn out and vanishing.

A century hence, when Mr. Hall Caine shall be where Walton and where Bunyan are (and there is no better place), no doubt a copy of the first sixpenny edition of "The Eternal City" will be worth much more than its weight in gold. The "Angler" and the "Pilgrim" (while money and collectors endure) can never come down with a run, like the "Song of Italy" and "Schoolboy Lyrics." Meanwhile Spenser and Milton do not seem so popular-

with collectors as Lovelace and Her-  
rick. Among first editions, if a fairy  
would give me my choice, I should se-  
lect Walton, the quartos of the plays  
fondly attributed to "Mr. Shakespeare"  
by his contemporaries, the "Contes" of  
Charles Perrault, the poems of Edgar  
Poe, the plays of Molière; and that  
would content me. But probably no  
private, perhaps no public, library con-  
tains all the volumes in that simple  
little assortment.

The lowly collector desires to acquire  
books of value. He has, I think, three  
courses open to him. First, he can col-  
lect what people do not desire to-day  
but will desire to-morrow. Fifty years  
ago the books illustrated by the little  
masters of the eighteenth century in  
France were not appreciated. If Le  
Cousin Pons, that miracle of a poor col-  
lector, had bought them, his heirs  
might now "unload" at an incalculable  
profit. Let the poor collector, then, ex-  
ercise the gift of prophecy, and pick up  
for a song what will sell later for hun-  
dreds. Let him "get in on the ground  
floor." Let him collect the *juvenilia* of  
Mr. Stephen Phillips—if there are any—  
or the manuscripts of novels which fail  
to-day but will be esteemed by poster-  
ity. I can let him have one or two of  
my own, at a low figure, being anxious  
to realize. American collectors may  
apply. By such artful prescience of a  
future demand the humble collector  
may amass things that will not disap-  
point him at his sale. But it needs  
heaven-sent moments for this power of  
forecast.

The second plan for the impoverished  
bibliophile is to make a collection valu-  
able in the mass, though not very ex-  
pensive in detail. This may be done by  
cleaving to a single subject. There are  
about three thousand books and tracts  
on Mary Stuart; there are the pam-  
phlets of the seventeenth and eighteenth  
centuries, the Great Rebellion, Jacobit-  
ism, and so forth; there are all the un-

signed tracts of Swift and De Foe. The  
beauty of such a collection is that you  
can never complete it. I do not know  
that it has any other beauty.

The third way is to consider how  
much you can afford to spend yearly  
on books—not modern things, but *books*  
—and then, avoiding waste on dubious  
trifles, to purchase only one really good  
thing every year or half-year, or as  
your finances may permit. This is the  
most satisfactory plan of all, and the  
last which I could practise.

Remember that condition is every-  
thing. An imperfect copy of even a  
really good and rare book—a copy lack-  
ing a plate, a dirty copy, a copy that  
has been cropped by the binder—is only  
fit to be read, and is quite unworthy of  
a self-respecting collector. Monsieur  
Eugène Paillet is said to have bought  
some five copies of the same book, and,  
by selecting the most perfect leaves  
from all, to have made up an example  
fit to go to the binder—Trautz-Bauzon-  
net, for choice.

There are collectors who ought to be  
sent to penal servitude. Their idea of  
collecting is to buy a living author's  
books, send them to him, and ask him  
to write a verse or "sentiment" in each.  
This costs *them* nothing, and, to their  
feeble minds, appears to add pecuniary  
value to their volumes. These caitiffs  
are usually bred on the other side of  
the Atlantic. They ought to be sternly  
suppressed. No notice should be taken  
of their communications.

There is a great deal of humbug about  
bibliophiles. In the last century there  
existed clubs of so-called book-lovers,  
like the Bannatyne, the Maitland, the  
Spalding, and the Abbotsford. Lords,  
lairds, advocates, and others were  
members. They used to print a limited  
number of copies of historical manu-  
scripts, and did useful work. You can  
sometimes buy the volumes printed by  
these clubs; and I think I may say that  
in no instance in my experience have

the previous owners used the paper-knife and cut open the pages. Why did such men join book clubs? For various reasons, no doubt, but certainly not for literary or studious purposes. I have heard the owner of a great library say that he believed he had plenty of manuscripts, but that was all he knew about them. To be sure this possessor had inherited the treasures which interested him so little; there was no humbug about him!

It is a pity that the best books and the best trout streams often belong to men who neither read nor angle. "There's something in the world amiss," whether it will be "unriddled by and by" or not.

Meanwhile book-collecting is not, at worst, one of the most alarming forms of vice. It is a harmless hobby, like gardening, and can be ridden in towns, where many better forms of enjoyment are out of the question. It is not so bad as collecting postage stamps, or book plates, or autographs of the living. The preachers of the Salvation Army, like "Happy Bill, the Converted Basket-maker," are wont to regale their audiences with a recital of their own excesses when in an unawakened condition.

I also might look at a little hanging bookcase, containing the volumes collected before I knew better, and so appear as an "object lesson" of what to avoid. Here is my earliest error—the Elzevir Ovid of 1629, I think, in white vellum, "with rare Dutch prints added." Now what could I want with that; or with the same author of 1751, in green morocco, with one of those odd gilt end-papers in which some collectors take an inexplicable joy? The third Aldine Homer, in green morocco: where was the sense of buying *that*? "Des Pierres Précieuses," par M. Dutens. (Didot.) Paris, 1776? Well, there *was* a kind of excuse for that. It is bound up with

Les  
Fascheux  
Comedie  
de I. B. P. Moliere.  
Representee sur le  
Theatre du Palais Royal  
a Paris  
chez Gabriel Quinet, au Palais,  
dans la Galerie des Prisonniers  
a l'Ange Gabriel.  
MDCLXIII.

Thus here is a first edition of Molière, and a relic of that famous final feast of Fouquet at Vaux where "Les Fascheux" was acted, as you may read in "Le Vicomte de Bragelonne" and other historical works. But then the play has been cropped, to fit it to the size of the work on precious stones with which it is bound.

Next, here is the first Paris edition of Rochefoucauld's "Maximes" (1665); but the frontispiece is wanting. So I took that of the first English translation (the same print), and had it bound in with the French book—a miserable evasion. What again, could I want with "Horus Apollo" (Paris 1574), a set of guesses at the meaning of Egyptian hieroglyphics, with many symbolical woodcuts, in red morocco, by Lortie? This book is valueless to the Egyptologist. "Les Provinciales" (1657) is in old red morocco, indeed, but the binder has cut it to the quick. My Epictetus is bound up with Straton (an unspeakable Greek epigrammatist) in yellow morocco. The strange conjunction was a freak of Beckford, the author of "Vathek," and *that*, I suppose, was why I collected the trifle. "Poems on Several Occasions" (Foulis, Glasgow, 1748). *That* is a relic, if you please, of Hamilton of Bangour, the Jacobite poet, who died of the sufferings of the Forty-five, about the time when his little volume was published. He wrote "Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny, bonny bride," and no man remembers his other lays. Sentiment prompted the purchase, and so on. One might

write of heaps of books of no value, collected for some reason, half forgotten. Now, if a man had left all these trifles alone he might have been able to afford to purchase something worth having. Yet the little old volumes have become familiar to an owner who would miss what he had no excuse for buying. Take warning, pious reader, and, if you must be a collector, collect the books that are, or are to be, in fashion—that is, if you do not want your estate to be a considerable loser by your hobby.

Since this article was in type, I have heard the true story of the MSS. which were supposed possibly to be the Casket Letters. They really were connected with the old house in Dundee, called "Lady Wark's Stairs." But they were

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not found by workmen, and were shown, I understand, before the demolition of the house. As to the language in which they are written, we only know that they were indecipherable by a palæographer of experience. Now Queen Mary's hand was large and legible, in the "Roman" style; and surely *Monsieur, si lenvy de vottre absence*, and so on, must have been legible, and obviously French, in the eyes even of a person who was not a French scholar. On the whole the most obvious theory is that these indecipherable papers were written in cipher, and were parts of a political correspondence of that age of conspiracies. Even so, it is a pity that they were allowed to disappear.

*Andrew Lang.*

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## BACTERIA AND ICE.

The fate of bacteria when frozen excited the curiosity of investigators already in the early years of bacteriology, for in 1871 we find Burdon Sanderson recording the fact that water which he had obtained from the purest ice contained microzymes, or, as we now prefer to call them, micro-organisms.

It is quite possible that at the time this announcement was made it may have been received with some scepticism, for it was undoubtedly difficult to believe that such minute and primitive forms of vegetable life, seemingly so scantily equipped for the struggle for existence, should be able to withstand conditions to which vegetable life in more exalted circles so frequently and lamentably succumbs.

The tormented agriculturist realizes only too well what havoc is followed by a return in May to that season

When icicles hang by the wall,

And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
And milk comes frozen home in pail.

Again with what solicitude those of us who have gardens wait to see what will have survived the iron grip of winter in our favorite flower borders, and how frequently we have to face blanks in the ranks of some of its most cherished occupants. Numerous bacteriologists, however, have now confirmed this fact, the fields of ice and snow have been repeatedly explored for micro-organisms, and it has been shown how even the ice on the summit of Mont Blanc has its complement of bacterial flora, that hailstones as they descend upon the earth contain bacteria, that snow, the emblem of purity, is but a whited sepulchre, and will on demand deliver up its bacterial hosts. Quite apart from its general scientific interest, the

bacterial occupation of ice is of importance from a hygienic point of view, and a large number of examinations of ice as supplied for consumption have been made. Thus Professor Fraenkl, and also Dr. Heyroth, has submitted the ice supply of the city of Berlin to an exhaustive bacteriological examination. These investigations showed that the bacterial population of ice as supplied to Berlin is a very variable one, and fluctuates between great extremes, rising to as many as 25,000 bacteria in a cubic centimetre (about twenty drops) of ice water, and falling to as few as two in the same measure.

There are numerous circumstances which come into play in determining the destiny of the bacterial population in ice. First, of course, the initial quality of the water from which the ice is derived is a factor of great importance, for the purer the water the fewer will be the bacteria found in the resulting ice.

Again, if the ice field is wind-swept by air bearing an unduly rich complement of bacteria, as may be expected in the vicinity of populous cities, for example, then the ice will reflect in its bacterial contents the undesirable neighborhood in which it was produced. Water in repose, again, yields purer ice than water in movement during freezing, for during rest opportunity is given for the bacteria present in suspension to subside, the process of sedimentation or deposition of bacteria which takes place under these conditions playing an important part in water-purification; when, however, the water is disturbed by swift currents, or agitated by storms, this process is interrupted, and the bacteria become entangled in the ice and frozen *in situ*.

The importance attaching to the physical conditions under which ice is produced in enabling an estimate to be formed of the safety or otherwise of

the same for consumption may be gathered from the following extract from an American report on the subject: "On the whole it is evident that the conditions surrounding water when it freezes are very important factors in determining the purity of the ice formed. If there is a considerable depth of water in portions of a somewhat polluted pond or river, and the ice is formed in these portions in comparatively quiet water with but little matter in suspension, this ice will probably be entirely satisfactory for domestic use. On the other hand, ice formed in shallow portions of such ponds or rivers, even during still weather, or in any portion if there is considerable movement of the water by currents or wind while it is forming, may be rendered by these conditions entirely unfit for domestic use."

We have learnt that ice contains bacteria, that its bacterial contents are to a certain extent dependent upon the bacterial quality of the water before crystallization, and that an important factor in determining its purity is afforded by the physical conditions prevailing at the time of freezing.

It will be of interest to ascertain in more detail what effect the process of freezing has upon the number of bacteria present in the water—what is the degree of bacterial purification effected during the conversion of water into ice.

Now Professor Uffreduzzi, in his investigations on the ice-supply of Turin, part of which is derived from a much-polluted portion of the river Dora, found that about 90 per cent. less bacteria were present in the ice than were present in the water from which it was produced: In the making of ice, therefore, a remarkable removal of bacteria may be effected which approaches very nearly the degree of bacterial purification which is achieved during the best-conducted sand-filtration of water.



Uffreduzzi's results have been repeatedly confirmed by other researches. Thus in regard to ice obtained from the river Merrimac; water which contained originally about 38,600 bacteria per cubic centimetre, on its conversion into ice had only from three to six. Sewage, again, containing about a million and a half bacteria per cubic centimetre after being frozen only contained under 74,000. It should be mentioned that this last figure represented the number of bacteria obtained by thawing the *outside* of the sewage ice-cake; *inside* the cake there were more found—about 121,000. The difference in these figures is due to the fact that, whereas the outer layers of ice looked quite clear, towards the centre the ice contained sewage sludge and hence more bacteria had become arrested; but in spite of this the bacterial purification effected is very striking, although not sufficient to render the use of ice from such a polluted source either palatable or desirable.

It is, of course, a well-known fact that water possesses the power of purifying itself during its transformation into ice, and that the process of crystallization not only prevents a considerable proportion of the matters in suspension from becoming embodied in the ice, but also eliminates a large percentage of the matters in solution, the latter being driven from the water which is being frozen into the water beneath. If, therefore, ice in the act of forming can get rid of matters in solution, it is not difficult to understand how it can eject bacteria, which though so minute are yet bodies of appreciable dimension and in suspension. But that there are limits to this power of excluding bacteria, and that, as in the case of other mechanical processes, an over-taxing of the available resources is at once reflected in the inferiority of the product, is shown by the frozen sewage experiment, in which the ice, hav-

ing had too large a supply of bacteria in the first instance to deal with, was unable to get rid of more than a certain proportion, and was obliged to retain a very considerable number. Hence great as is the degree of purification achieved by ice in forming, yet it must be recognized that its powers in this direction are limited, and that the fact of water being frozen does not necessarily convert a bad water into immaculate ice.

It is worthy of note that the city of Lawrence in Massachusetts obtains the greater portion of its ice from a river which in its raw unpurified condition was rejected for purposes of water supply, in consequence of the numerous and severe epidemics of typhoid fever which accompanied its use. Since the application of sand filtration to this water, however, the death rate from typhoid in this city, instead of being abnormally high, has fallen abnormally low, and this improvement is attributed to the excellent quality of the water supplied to the city, and has taken place despite the use which still continues of ice from the polluted river. The authorities consider the city's immunity from typhoid amply justifies their sanctioning the distribution of this river-ice, the freezing of the water having rendered it sufficiently pure to remove all danger to health from its consumption.

So far we have been considering the effect on bacteria of freezing carried on under more or less natural conditions; but much interesting work of a more detailed character has been carried out with reference to the behavior of particular varieties of micro-organisms when frozen under more or less artificial conditions.

Thus Dr. Prudden froze various bacteria in water at temperatures ranging from  $-1^{\circ}$  C. to  $-10^{\circ}$  C., and he found that different varieties were very differently affected by this treatment;

that, for example, a bacillus originally obtained from water, and introduced in such numbers as represented by 800,000 individuals being present in every twenty drops, after four days' freezing had entirely disappeared, not one having survived. On the other hand, similar experiments in which the typhoid bacillus was used resulted in the latter not only enduring a freezing of four days' duration, but emerging triumphant after it had been carried on for more than 103 days!

In these experiments it should be borne in mind that, as the ice was frozen to a solid block or lump, there was no opportunity for the mechanical committal of the bacteria during freezing to the water beneath; all the bacteria present were imprisoned in the ice, and the fact that the typhoid bacteria were not destroyed by being frozen shows that they can withstand exposure to such low temperatures, although, as we have seen, the other variety of bacillus employed was destroyed.

Dr. Prudden, however, discovered an ingenious method by which even typhoid bacilli were compelled to succumb when frozen. In the course of his investigations he found that bacteria which had offered the stoutest resistance under the freezing were extremely sensitive to this treatment if the process was carried on intermittently, or, in other words, if the temperature surrounding them was alternately lowered and raised.

In this manner the bacteria may be said to be subjected to a succession of cold shocks, instead of being permitted to remain in a continuously benumbed condition. The vitality of typhoid bacilli was put to the test under these circumstances, the freezing process being carried on over twenty-four hours, during which time, however, it was three times interrupted by the ice being thawed. The effect on the typhoid bacteria was

striking in the extreme; from there being about 40,000 present in every twenty drops, representing the number originally put into the water, there were only ninety at the end of the twenty-four hours; and after a further period of three days, during which this treatment was repeated, not a single bacillus could be found. This signal surrender to scientific tactics forms a marked contrast to the stout resistance maintained for over 103 days under the ordinary methods of attack.

But, although the typhoid bacillus appears to submit and meekly succumb to this plan of campaign, yet the conclusion must not be rashly drawn that all descriptions of bacteria will be equally feeble and helpless in these circumstances.

Doctors Percy Frankland and Templeman have shown that the spore of the anthrax bacillus is able to successfully challenge all such attempts upon its vitality. Thus when put into water and frozen at a temperature of  $-20^{\circ}$  C., the process being spread over a period of three months and interrupted no fewer than twenty-nine times by thawings, when examined even after this severe series of shocks, it showed no signs of submission and clung to life as tenaciously as ever.

The more sensitive form of anthrax, however, the bacillus, was readily destroyed; for after one freezing its numbers were already so much reduced that it was only with difficulty that even one or two could be found, and after the second freezing every one out of the large number originally present had died.

Renewed interest has been of late revived in the question of the behavior of bacteria at low temperatures, in consequence of the possibility of obtaining, by means of liquid air and liquid hydrogen, degrees of cold which were undreamt of by the scientific philosophers of fifty years ago. Public interest has

also been quickened in such inquiries on account of the important part which low temperatures play in many great commercial developments, their application rendering possible the transport from and to all parts of the world of valuable but perishable foodstuffs, thus encouraging local industries by opening up markets, and bringing prosperity to countries and communities which before were seeking in vain an outlet for their surplus produce.

The application of cold storage for preservation purposes is, however, no novelty; for nature, ages ago, set us the example, and of this we have been lately reminded afresh by the discovery announced by Dr. Herz of a mammoth in Siberia, which, despite the thousands of years which have elapsed since it was originally overwhelmed and frozen, is described as being in a marvellous state of preservation.

Thus we are told that "most of the hair on the body had been scraped away by ice, but its mane and near foreleg were in perfect preservation, and covered with long hair. The hair of the mane was four to five inches long, and of a yellowish-brown color, while its left leg was covered with black hair. In its stomach was found a quantity of undigested food, and on its tongue was the herbage which it had been eating when it died. This was quite green."

Considering that certainly more than eight thousand years have elapsed since this creature was peacefully consuming what proved to be his last meal, nature's method of cold storage must indeed be regarded as unsurpassable in the excellence of its results.

I believe it was in the year 1884 that the first attempts were made to follow more closely and in greater detail the precise effect upon different bacteria of submitting them to temperatures of such a low degree as  $-130^{\circ}$  C., obtained by means of solid carbonic acid.

These experiments were carried out by Pictet and Young, and are recorded in the *Comptes Rendus* of the Paris Academy of Sciences.

They differ from those which we have so far been considering, inasmuch as the bacteria were not frozen in water but in culture-material, or, in other words, like the mammoth, whilst enjoying a midday meal!

One of the micro-organisms experimented with was a bacillus known at that time as the rinderpest bacillus, capable of producing disease in animals when inoculated into them and existing both in the spore and bacillar form. Pictet and Young specially state that the spore form was present in the specimens employed by them, and hence the fact that this micro-organism was alive after being frozen and exposed to this low temperature of  $-130^{\circ}$  C. for the space of twenty hours is not perhaps so surprising when we bear in mind the remarkable feats of endurance exhibited by spores, which have with justification obtained for them a prominent place amongst the so-called curiosities of bacteriology. But of more interest than their mere survival in these circumstances is the fact that, on being restored to animation—or, in other words, released from their ice-prison—these bacteria were discovered to have retained all their pathogenic properties, this period of enforced rigidity having in no way affected their disease-producing powers.

Such results naturally only served to whet the scientific appetite for more, and the liquefaction of air and of hydrogen placing much lower temperatures at the disposal of investigators, those bacteriologists who were fortunate enough to command a supply were not long in availing themselves of the opportunity thus given them of further testing the vitality of micro-organisms.

Botanists had already shown that ex-

posure to liquid air, which means a temperature of about  $-190^{\circ}\text{C.}$ , and to liquid hydrogen, which means a temperature of about  $-250^{\circ}\text{C.}$ , did not impair the germination powers of various descriptions of seeds, such as those of musk, wheat, barley, peas, vegetable marrow, and mustard, and that their actual immersion in liquid hydrogen for the space of six hours did not prevent them coming up when sown just as well as ordinary seeds which had not undergone this unique experience; hence the opportunity of submitting other members of the vegetable kingdom to these low temperatures was eagerly sought for by bacteriologists. Dr. Macfadyen found this opportunity in the laboratories of the Royal Institution, and, Professor Dewar having placed a generous supply of liquid air and liquid hydrogen at his disposal, he submitted specimens growing in various materials, such as gelatin, broth, potatoes &c., of typhoid, diphtheria, cholera, anthrax with spores and other bacteria, for twenty hours and seven days respectively, to a temperature, of about  $-190^{\circ}\text{C.}$  In no instance, however, whether exposed when growing in fluid or solid media, could any impairment of their vitality or the slightest alteration in their structure be observed. Similar results were obtained when liquid hydrogen, or a temperature of about  $-250^{\circ}\text{C.}$ , was applied. The question of the retention or otherwise of the disease-producing powers of these bacteria was not investigated, and in this connection much interest attaches to Mr. Swithinbank's investigations on the vitality and virulent properties of that notorious malefactor amongst micro-organisms, the *bacillus tuberculosis*, when exposed to the temperature of liquid air. The specimens of the consumption bacillus employed were originally obtained from the human subject, and they were exposed for periods varying from six hours to six

weeks to  $-190^{\circ}\text{C.}$  In each case the malignant properties of the tubercle bacillus after exposure were tested by their direct inoculation into animals, and the results compared with those which followed similar inoculations made with bacilli which had not been frozen in this manner, but had been grown in ordinary circumstances. In no single case, Mr. Swithinbank tells us, were these frozen tubercle bacilli deprived of their virulence, and the length of exposure, at any rate as far as could be judged after six weeks, appeared to make no difference in this respect. It is true that the pathogenic action of the frozen bacilli appeared to be somewhat retarded—that is, they took rather longer to kill animals than the ordinary unfrozen bacilli—but in every case their inoculation produced the typical tuberculous lesions associated with them.

Of particular interest, however, in view of what has been already discovered about the lethal effect upon bacteria of violent alterations of temperature, are Mr. Swithinbank's observations on the vitality of the tubercle bacillus when exposed to such extreme variations of temperature as are represented by a passage from  $-190^{\circ}\text{C.}$  to that of  $15^{\circ}\text{C.}$

The *bacillus tuberculosis* is admittedly a tough antagonist to deal with, and enjoys an unenviable notoriety for its robust constitution amongst the pathogenic members of the microbial world, hence a knowledge of its behavior in these trying circumstances, as we now know them to be to bacterial life, becomes of special interest. Great must have been the investigator's satisfaction, then, when he discovered that the vitality of the consumption bacillus had been so seriously impaired by this treatment that its pathogenic properties collapsed, and the animals which were inoculated with these specimens, instead of with the continuously frozen

bacilli, suffered no inconvenience, and remained in good health.

But, although no appreciable change either in the structure, vitality, or malignant properties of the particular bacteria investigated have been noted as resulting from their exposure to extremely low temperatures, yet there is no doubt that a certain proportion of the individual micro-organisms present—those probably whose constitution is less robust than their more fortunate associates—do succumb under these trying conditions.

This fact has been well brought out by Dr. Belli, of the University of Padua, in the experiments which he made with the fowl-cholera bacillus, and the anthrax bacillus in the presence of very low temperatures. Thus he exposed a large number of fowl-cholera bacilli in broth to the temperature of liquid air, as many as 396,000 bacilli being present in every twenty drops of the liquid. After exposing them continuously for nine hours to  $-190^{\circ}$  C., he had the curiosity, after thawing them, to count how many were left alive, and he found that an enormous mortality had taken place amongst them; for, instead of nearly 400,000 bacilli being present in one cubic centimetre, there were only about 9,000. On the other hand, in the broth tubes kept during that time in ordinary surroundings, the bacilli had flourished remarkably, and had greatly increased in numbers. Thus not only had no multiplication amongst these bacilli taken place, which circumstance is always regarded as indicative of their vital condition—not only, then, had their vitality been arrested—but a very large number of them had been actually destroyed in consequence of this severe treatment; but that the residue were not only alive, but unimpaired in their energies on being restored to animation, was proved by

their being able to destroy animals, not having parted with any of their malicious propensities. Dr. Belli carried out similar experiments with the bacilli of anthrax and obtained very similar results. With regard to both these varieties of pathogenic bacteria, he mentions that their action upon animals was not quite so rapid as is characteristic of normal specimens of these micro-organisms, thus confirming the experiments in this direction made with frozen tubercle bacilli.

Not content with this exhibition of their powers of endurance, Dr. Belli determined to make yet another demand upon the vitality of these bacilli. For this purpose he immersed them in the liquid air itself, thus bringing them into direct contact with it, effecting this by lowering into the liquid, strips of filter-paper soaked in broth containing these bacilli. But, in spite of remaining for the space of eight hours in these surroundings, they emerged triumphant, exhibiting no modification whatever either in their structure or pathogenic properties.

There are doubtless many other trials yet awaiting bacteria, to which they will most certainly be submitted before the limits of their powers of endurance have been adequately tested, but it is difficult to conceive of a severer strain upon their vital resources than the imposition of the conditions of which the above is but a brief sketch.

The more intimate becomes our knowledge of bacteria, the more must we marvel at the equipment with which they have been provided for enabling them to maintain themselves in the struggle for existence—a struggle which is as severe and as remorseless in this lowly region as it is in those domains the inhabitants of which have risen to far loftier heights on the great ladder of life.

*G. C. Frankland.*



## ACROSS RUSSIAN LAPLAND IN SEARCH OF BIRDS.

### I.—VARDOE AND THE WHITE SEA.

There are some people, one might almost term them a fraternity, for whom a wild and desolate land has a strange fascination. A barren and forsaken spot, the very aspect of which casts a gloom over the ordinary mortal, is for them a paradise. There they are thrilled with joy, an overwhelming feeling of freedom takes possession of them, and a desire to race over the country and explore it to the horizon seizes upon them like a mania. For such the regions to the north of the arctic circle have many attractions, and when once the wealth of wildness and solitude to be found there have been tasted by one infected with this craze then ever afterwards the North Pole will draw him as surely as it attracts the needle of a compass.

Ornithologists, and English ornithologists especially, whether worshippers of solitude or not, seem to be particularly devoted to those northern regions where in summer the sun reigns supreme. The northern parts of Norway, Lapland, and Siberia have been so thoroughly explored by them that it was only after a long search that my friend Mr. A. E. Hamerton and myself could fix on a route in those regions which had not been visited by some brother craftsman. We agreed at length to journey to Archangel by sea, and then proceeding to the southern end of the Kola peninsula or Russian Lapland to walk across to the Arctic Ocean along the route taken by Messrs. Edward Rae and H. P. Brandreth.<sup>1</sup> As far as we could discover this country had not been traversed by any other Englishmen, and although Russian ornitholo-

gists had worked there in the winter when the snow makes travelling easy, very little was known of the birds inhabiting the interior of the peninsula in summer.

Starting from home early in June, 1899, and crossing the North Sea, whose unkindly nature is well known to all who visit Norway, we soon arrived at Christiania. An eighteen hours' railway journey thence brought us to Trondhjem where we embarked on the good ship "Sigurd Jarl" bound for Vardoe. It was a pleasant voyage in and out amongst the islands, and through rocky channels where the snow-capped hills rise sheer out of the sea. We passed the Lofoden Islands, devoted to fisheries, and Tromsøe, and arrived at Hammerfest, where the streets were still coated with ice and bordered with heaps of dirty snow.

From Hammerfest a few hours of rough water round the North Cape brought us to Vardoe. Here we learnt that the "oldest inhabitant" could not remember so late a season, and that the Russian boat that was to take us to Archangel had not yet broken through the ice in the White Sea.

However, a few days in Vardoe were well spent. The town and the small island upon which it stands are entirely given up to cod fish. Vardoe is built along the edge of its harbor, and the harbor is fringed with small quays, which are at all times scenes of the greatest activity, day and night in this latitude being scarcely distinguishable. Open boats, shaped exactly like the old viking ships, rowed or sailed by hardy Norsemen, are continually coming into the harbor laden with cod and red mullet, while others are going out to the fishing grounds away in the Arctic

<sup>1</sup> See "The White Sea Peninsula," by Edward Rae, F.R.G.S. (Murray), 1881.

Ocean, often 10 or 15 miles from land. The quays are always full of fish, which are hauled up from the boats in baskets by means of ropes coiled round large wheels. On the quays men, women, and children are hard at work sorting, gutting, and salting fish, extracting the liver oil, tying the fish in pairs tail to tail, threading the cods' heads on lines, baiting the hooks and coiling the lines into baskets ready for the fishermen. The fish and the heads are hung up to dry on laths fixed to poles all over the island, whilst discarded fish and those dropped accidentally lie about everywhere on the quays and in the streets and are eaten with avidity by cats, goats, and cows. Yet for all this wealth of fish you cannot get a fresh cod to eat, as they are all salted and dried and sent to Russia and Spain, while the heads are dried and used for manure. But so pure and fresh is the air that, notwithstanding all the mass of corruption on the island, there is very little smell, and even the decomposing cods' heads scarcely taint the fresh northern breezes.

The drying grounds proved most interesting to us, especially where there hung rows and rows of heads, as the maggots in these attracted numbers of birds. Snow buntings<sup>2</sup> in their beautiful velvety black and snow white summer plumage were numerous, while elegant shore larks,<sup>3</sup> with their handsome black ear tufts, evidently found the cods' heads good hunting grounds, and their pretty little songs testified to their contentedness. Then in the marshy ground under the drying fish we found Temminck stints,<sup>4</sup> which rose fluttering into the air calling rapidly *tzi-tzi-tzi*. Round the coast on the sea-washed rocks were purple sand-pipers<sup>5</sup>

in all the glory of their summer sheen. In the sea were numerous elder ducks,<sup>6</sup> the drakes in black and white and sea-green, cooling like stock doves, and flirting with their sombre colored mates. Black guillemots<sup>7</sup> were in swarms, and their soft mellow whistles floated peacefully over the cold water, while gulls of many sorts flew backwards and forwards overhead. On the mainland, which we visited one day, or was it night, we found still more birds. The country was white with snow, but here and there on patches of green where the snow had melted, and on the shore we found the birds. Dotterels,<sup>8</sup> with all their well-known silliness, allowed us to approach within a few yards, but sanderlings<sup>9</sup> and little stints,<sup>10</sup> in their rich brown breeding plumage, were more wary. Lapland buntings<sup>11</sup> were building their nests on the driest parts available of the wet ground uncovered by snow, and the male birds often rose into the air singing, like pipits, on the wing, soft little piping songs. Then we saw three Arctic skuas,<sup>12</sup> those robber gulls which chase their hard-working cousins, and, making them disgorge their honestly earned prey, swoop down and catch it ere it reaches the surface of the water. As is well known these birds vary greatly in coloring from sooty black all over to grayish white on the under parts. Of the three we saw two were dark and one light. We approached them, and while one bird flew away the other two swooped down near to us several times, and then settled on the ground at some distance, and spreading out their wings, quivered them and uttered a plaintive meauw. Knowing by this that they must have eggs, we searched about, and on a strip of

<sup>2</sup> *Plectrophenax nivalis*.

<sup>3</sup> *Otocorys alpestris*.

<sup>4</sup> *Tringa temminckii*.

<sup>5</sup> *Tringa striata*.

<sup>6</sup> *Somateria mollissima*.

<sup>7</sup> *Uria grylle*.

<sup>8</sup> *Eudromias morinellus*.

<sup>9</sup> *Calidris arenaria*.

<sup>10</sup> *Tringa minuta*.

<sup>11</sup> *Calcarius lapponicus*.

<sup>12</sup> *Stercorarius crepidatus*.

ground from which the wind had swept the snow, we found a small hollow lined with moss and lichen, and containing two dark brown eggs. The third bird, which had flown away, we noticed was being chased and buffeted continually by the other two, and we could not understand what was his share in this domestic scene. Some weeks afterwards in Lapland I found a similar trio, and managed to shoot the third bird, which in this case also appeared to be "one too many," and was continually chased and ill used by the other two. My shot only winged it, and the bird was floating down to the ground when the other two meanly attacked it and knocked it over, so that it fell in the middle of a very soft bog. The bog appeared to be of an unfathomable depth, but I was determined to get the bird and clear up the mystery, so I took off my coat and in a couple of hours managed by great exertions to pull up by the roots eight fair sized birch trees and build a bridge over the bog to the bird. It was a dark colored specimen, but the rufous edgings to many of the feathers on the back proved it to be an immature bird evidently hatched the year before. So that presumably in two cases a pair of adult birds was attended by a single youngster whose presence evidently interfered with domestic bliss.

From Vardoe we journeyed on by a small coasting steamer to a place called Petschenga, where we were to meet the Archangel boat. The Arctic Sea was wonderfully calm, and we were delighted to see some way from land a flock of those charming little birds the red-necked phalaropes,<sup>13</sup> floating like corks upon the water. They were as tame as farmyard chickens, and were so buoyant that on alighting on the water they appeared scarcely to touch it, and the sea was so still and glassy that one might have thought

they were resting upon ice rather than water. At Petschenga the snow was waist deep and very soft, so that we found we could not explore the country far. We got along well on the top of the snow for some distance, when suddenly the crust gave way and we were floundering about up to our armpits in wet and clinging snow. Near the water, however, there were places bare of snow, but very wet. These spots were full of birds, several of which were building nests, seeming determined to take full advantage of the short northern summer. We watched a pair of little stints, those tiny snipe-like birds, love-making with twitterings, and fluttering of wings within a few yards of us, while the male red-throated pipits<sup>14</sup> were singing encouragingly to their mates who were hard at work building nests on little mounds raised above the general slush.

When at length we boarded the Russian cargo boat which was to take us to Archangel we found our fellow passengers were mostly rough unkempt Russian peasants, with tawny beards and long hair. They were clothed in long sheepskin coats, high black boots, and round fur caps, and they appeared very hardy but very dirty. The steamer stopped every few hours at the small fishing stations along the Murman coast to land a few stores, and to take on board barrels of fish, bundles of porpoise skins, and other fishy cargo. The landing and shipping of this cargo, which was done by small boats, invariably caused an immense excitement. Each boat tried its best to get to the side of the steamer first, and the gesticulations, shouts, curses, and general hubbub raised by the process might well have been products of the fiery south or east rather than of the grave and solemn north. We were glad when all the villages were past, and we left the coast and entered the White Sea,

<sup>13</sup> *Phalaropus hyperboreus*.

<sup>14</sup> *Anthus cervinus*.

We went to sleep that night in high hopes that on waking we should be nearing Archangel. But when we awoke the steamer was laid to in a thick fog. In a few hours the fog lifted, and revealed a sea covered with ice—white and dazzling—as far as the eye could see. A man was sent aloft, but no channel could be found so we slowly skirted the sea of ice. But almost before we could take in the scene, the merciless fog dropped down again like a curtain and shut out everything from sight. For five days we lay surrounded by ice and fog, scarcely moving at all. At first the captain, hoping for the best, pushed his boat into the ice, and for hours we struggled with the floes. The steamer was sharp in the bows and had twin screws, both bad faults for an ice boat. The bows when driven into a floe got jambed, and the boat had to be backed out, while the screws, being quite unprotected, were in continual danger of being broken by a collision with the ice, which was very thick and often reached far below the keel of the ship. Consequently men had to be stationed fore and aft with long fir poles to push off the floes, while the captain ran from side to side of the bridge signalling every moment to the engineers to stop one screw or the other as it was in danger of fouling the ice. The crew worked like slaves for hours, but the only result of their labors was to fix the ship more firmly than ever in the ice. Then the fog lifted for a brief half-hour and showed us to be in an uncomfortable position which might result in the ship being nipped. By dint of hard work she was turned round, and a day of toil brought us once more out of the ice. The captain had been twenty-four hours on the bridge working hard in a freezing fog, and the crew were worn out, so for the next few days we have to and waited. The monotony was broken only by the melancholy screech of syrens, for there were fourteen other

boats round about us, all waiting for the fog to clear and the ice to shift. A little excitement was caused one day when, judging by the quality of the food, we appeared to be running short of provisions, and on another when we were told that our coal was giving out. However, a few broad hints to the steward brought forth better food, and a begging tour to the neighboring ships resulted in one coming alongside and filling our bunkers with coal.

At last the fog lifted, and making a bold move our bright little captain turned his boat round and steamed right back to the coast. The set of the tide had made a broad lane of clear water between the land and the ice, and down this we steamed full speed ahead, slowing up now and then to thread our way through some detached floes or to force a passage through a narrow belt of ice. Before the tide changed and brought down the ice again to the shore we were through, and steaming gaily for Archangel. While we raced the tide with cheerful hearts our eyes were treated to the most glorious spectacle. The fog had completely cleared, and the sky was cloudless. For an hour—between eleven o'clock and midnight—the sun just skirted the horizon as though uncertain whether to go below or not. The heat went out of it, and its brilliancy faded, but the effect of its combined setting and rising was exquisite. The horizon shone like gold, and stretching from it lay the snow-covered ice, blushed with a delicate pink, and with here and there on its surface a pool shining like an emerald, while at our feet the dark, deep blue of the open water served as a strong and fitting contrast to the delicious delicacy of coloring beyond. As the sun rose higher the colors faded and we went below cold but happy. While we slept we crossed the arctic circle once more, and when we awoke some hours later the air was balmy,

and the delicious scent of pines drifted through the cabin port hole. We were in the delta of the Dwina, and steering

Knowledge.

up one of its narrow channels we soon arrived at Solombala, the port of Archangel.

*Harry F. Witherby, F. Z. S.*

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## THE HORROR OF HOME.

Judging by a good deal of the conversation of the present day, there are a large number of people who have a positive horror of home. This curious revulsion of feeling is taken by many persons as a sign of social deterioration. For our own part, we find it difficult to take it quite seriously, or to see in it anything more than a passing whim. Nobody nowadays likes monotony. Change is what people desire, not, perhaps, any great change, but lots of small change, not necessarily for the better, but for its own sake. Now there is a great sameness about one's own four walls, be they never so handsome. We all feel at times an overpowering desire to look at something else. We cannot change the patterns or the pictures on them every day, and neither they nor the home furniture ever seem to alter in expression. Again, there is a terrible sameness about one's own cook. Experience enables us to foretell the taste of everything at home, from the soup to the savory if we are rich, and from the mutton to the cheese if we are poor; whereas if we dine at a restaurant everything down to the salt is different, and the restaurant is refurnished daily with new faces. Then, again, the music and stir going on around one avoid the necessity for much conversation; and conversation in the home circle is sometimes difficult and sometimes dull. It does not do always just to say what one thinks, it is such bad practice for dining out; and this being the case, it is not easy sometimes to think what to

say. Nowadays we get, socially speaking, tired of our friends, and even of our acquaintance. We want them to pass continually before us like a street procession. Instead of that, they rather resemble a stage crowd and keep coming on again. There is a limit to those we know, a limit even to those we should like or should be likely to know even by sight, and at a restaurant this latter limit is disregarded. The barrier of good manners which forbids that those who are unacquainted with one another should speak is sufficient to protect our station or our dignity, but it is not a very high fence, and it is one which it is amusing to look over. How many lunches and teas and dinners are eaten every year in public places, and how does that number compare with those eaten in public twenty years ago? Now is the heyday of great hotels and restaurants, and of humble refreshment-rooms and tea-shops. Certainly the monotony of meals may be easily mitigated in London, but what about the country? In the country there are no restaurants. Unless we are very rich and our friends are very rich, unless, indeed, we belong entirely to the leisured classes, we cannot have a continual succession of visitors, because they are at work during the week, and cannot come to us except from Saturday to Monday.

So far, then, as meals are concerned, the disabilities of home are more pronounced in the country. A provincial lady suggested the other day to the present writer that a system of itine-



rant cooks might provide a certain variety, an element of surprise, as it were, at each day's dinner. The circuit, of course, could not be very large; it would be bounded by similarity of income and size of household. Several difficulties, however, beside sameness of food might be overcome by some such experiment. Change would thus be provided for servants who object to the dulness of country life, and those who advertise "town and country" might be persuaded to put up with an entirely rural existence. Any little discomforts arising from continual moving would be amply compensated by the increased matrimonial facilities offered by constant change of situation without detriment to characters. The double life becomes, no doubt, very necessary to those who lead it, and we heard the other day of a lady's-maid who gave up her place because an invalid father and mother required her services. She was sad at leaving, fearing she might be obliged to pass the rest of her days with her family in the country, and never see London again in the season when the spring flowers begin to appear in the streets. Happily, however, both father and mother recovered under her care, and after a month or two she wrote to her former mistress explaining that "having done up her parents," she "found that home was not for a permanence," and would like to return to service.

Four or five years ago we used to hear a great deal about mothers and daughters and how it was that they did not get on. Just now that particular quarrel seems to have been made up. We do not know if all the disaffected daughters have left home, but anyhow the threatened revolution in the family seems to have fizzled out. Perhaps there may be still some malcontents left in out-of-the-way places. If so, it might be advisable to try on a small scale a system of itinerant daughters. We remember to have been told quite

lately of an only daughter who left a delicate mother because she could not stand living at home any longer. The lady promptly procured a niece to live with her who was also in danger of being worn out by her family. All three persons became very happy. They recovered "nerve power," as it is called, in a wonderful degree; in plain language, they managed to shift the friction, and suffered no longer from the chafing effects of custom. Parents and children do strike one at times as wonderfully ill-assorted. The "old block" and the "chips" do not always resemble one another, metaphorically speaking. Perhaps with a little management things might be better arranged. Supposing, for instance, the philanthropic daughter of a fashionable mother were to take her curates and her poor people with her and establish herself with the philanthropic mother of a frivolous daughter, and *vice-versâ*. The change might prove beneficial to both families. It might, but we do not know. Some shades of the same color harmonize worse than any contrasts. Two sorts of frivolity do not always mingle easily, and different shades of philanthropy are apt to "swear" horribly. Still, there is no knowing what people will put up with when once they are abroad. The home-hater is generally pretty hardy and ready to bear up against very various privations. Living in ladies' flats on a small allowance, getting up in the morning to cook your own breakfast and trim your own lamps, does not strike the outside observer as a pleasant change from a luxurious home, but it appears to be acceptable to those who are sufficiently tired of what they are accustomed to.

But joking apart, is this new form of home-sickness a serious malady, or one likely to affect the general health of the community? We do not believe so for a moment. Household affection does not depend on a desire to eat in one's own dining-room, and grown-up chil-

dren do not like their parents any the less because the recrudescence of energy observable in all classes during the last twenty years has made them show a restless desire to lead their own lives. It is this new energy which is, as we believe, at the bottom of the increased appearance of frivolity, and of this lessening of the love of home about which we hear so much in the present day. Worldly people are more actively worldly than ever they were, just as useful people are more actively useful. We used to hear of women who lay on a sofa and read novels all day. Now such women do something perhaps quite as useless, but at least less lazy. An increased love of society, an enormous widening of the area of what is called society, have no doubt augmented the amount of time which the average man and woman spend outside their own homes, but a love of social life is on the whole, we believe, beneficial. With the widening of social limits has come a strengthening of the power of social minorities. There are more pleasure-loving and more labor-loving people than ever there were in the social world, but it is the numbers, not the proportions, which have altered. Of course the love of society may become, in many cases it does become, synonymous with a love of frivolity, but there is no reason why it should. Frivolity is a dry-rot destroying every strong feeling, but it is by no means the monopoly of those persons whom a social training enables to feel

at home everywhere. The character of Rosamund Vincy was riddled with frivolity before she had left the seclusion of a middle-class country family. Take the class of people who live entirely at home, who may be said to have no social life beyond that of the public-house. What is the result upon household affections? We should say it was very bad. The relation between husband and wife in the lower classes is notoriously unideal. They certainly love their children while they are young, but with a love which by no means always lasts. We should be greatly surprised if the most fashionable lady of our acquaintance were to tell us that she did not know her son's address, and that though both lived in London, she had made no effort for the past year or two to ascertain his welfare. Yet such indifference is common enough in families who by the misfortune of their circumstances have no society outside their homes. All who know the London poor agree as to the urgent necessity for making them desire a social life. Half the work of an East End clergyman consists in providing good amusements, in drawing people out of their own homes and getting them to take pleasure in social intercourse. There is no use in shutting people up in order to make them love each other. The affections which alone make home worth having depend on character, not on confinement, and character is a matter altogether outside and above small, or even great, changes in social custom.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

The Lefferts copy of Eliot's Indian translation of the Bible brought \$1,850 at the recent auction sale in London.

Mr. Andrew Lang is editing another fairy book, and, having exhausted the available colors will call the new volume "The Romance Book."

Contrary to expectations, Mr. John Morley's life of Mr. Gladstone will not be ready for publication in the autumn, but will probably be brought out early next spring.

The "Sphere" announces for its Christmas issue a short story by the late Bret Harte, entitled "The Convalescence of Jack Hamlin." This presumably is the last chapter in the history of that daring and graceful rascal.

In Dr. A. S. Murray's volume on "The Sculptures of the Parthenon", which is to be published next autumn, the entire remains of the Parthenon are to be depicted in one photogravure plate between five and six feet long. It will be difficult to fold so large a plate without spoiling it.

A rough estimate shows that up to the beginning of the present year two hundred and fifty books bearing upon the Boer war had been published in England. This total includes general histories of the campaigns, personal narratives of particular operations, fiction, poetry and politics. At least twelve books were published dealing with the siege and relief of Ladysmith.

The last bricks of "Johnson's Court", Fleet street, wherein the doctor lived from 1766 to 1776 have come down

and a new building is rising on its site. In this narrow court there was to be seen until recently the letter-box into which Charles Dickens, in 1833, dropped his first literary contribution. He deposited it "with fear and trembling" and when, not long after, he saw it in print in "The Monthly Magazine" his eyes "were so dimmed with joy and pride that they could not bear the street and were not fit to be seen there."

It has been generally supposed that Defoe's account of the destruction of St. Vincent, which was published in 1718, was wholly an invention of his brilliant imagination; but some browser among old newspapers has recently discovered that news of the destruction of the island was received and commented on by another writer in another paper on the same day that Defoe's narrative was published. The news proved to be false, but the fact was not known to Defoe when, after the fashion of some modern newspaper men he "padded" the brief rumor into a graphic and detailed narrative.

Interesting particulars are given in the London papers of the great "Cambridge Modern History" of which the late Lord Acton was the projector and editor. The aim of the work is to record, in the way most useful to the greatest number of readers, the fulness of knowledge in the field of modern history which was a part of the bequest of the nineteenth century to the twentieth. The narrative will not be a mere string of episodes, but will display a continuous development. The subject is divided into chapters of

thirty to thirty-five pages, and in many cases one chapter was offered to one man. The work is to be complete in twelve volumes of about 700 pages each.

The part which Lady Henry's feebleness seems likely to play in Mrs. Humphrey Ward's new serial, "Lady Rose's Daughter," recalls the long invalidism of Sir George Tressady's mother, with its reaction on his wife's temper, and furnishes one illustration more of the fascination which Mrs. Ward finds in portraying the influence of ill health upon character and destiny. Eleanor Burgoyne's slender strength appeals to the reader's sympathy almost from the beginning of her story; Lucy Grieve's short, pitiful struggle with disease makes hers the culminating influence in David's life, in spite of Elise and Dora; the sudden turn in her step-mother's illness brings Laura Fountain back from Oxford for the tragedy of "Helbeck of Bannisdale;" and it is by Edward Hallin's sick-bed that the plot of "Marcella" reaches its real crisis. A cruder treatment of such themes might easily become morbid and ghastly, and it is a striking evidence of the poise of Mrs. Ward's powers that she handles them so simply and naturally.

The eleven closely related essays which go to make up Mr. C. H. Henderson's volume on "Education and the Larger Life" are at once philosophic and practical: philosophic in their definition of the ideals and purposes of education and practical in their application of principles to specific processes. The purpose which the author sets himself is to inquire "how education can be so applied in America as to best further the progress of civilization" and to present education as a determinative positive process "whose carrying out

possesses the dignity of a moral duty." Some of his suggestions will impress a conservative reader as revolutionary, and some of the most striking of them are made with a positiveness which seems a humorous challenge of denial. But they are fresh and stimulating; dealing with the reasons for processes quite as much as with processes; and as they cover the whole range of the subject from the kindergarten to the university, they appeal to all who are concerned with any aspect of the general problem and whose duty it is to attempt its solution at any point. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Upon the question of the identity of Thackeray's stepfather, Major Carmichael Smyth, with Colonel Newcome, Mrs. Ritchie, in her biographical edition of her father's writings said that, while she had never heard him say that when he wrote about Colonel Newcome any special person was in his mind, it was always an understood thing that Major Smyth had many of Colonel Newcome's characteristics. This fact is recognized in the inscription on the grave of Major Smyth at Ayr, which reads thus:

Sacred to the memory of  
Major Henry William Carmichael  
Smyth,

of the Bengal Engineers,  
who departed this life at Ayr,  
9th September, 1861,  
Aged 81 years.

"Adsum."

And lo, he whose heart was as that of  
a little child had answered to  
his name, and stood in the  
presence of the Master.

*Newcomes, Vol. III., Chap. XXVI.*  
On the rebuilding of the church, his  
grave was brought within the  
walls.

He was laid to rest immediately beneath  
this place, by his stepson,  
William Makepeace Thackeray.  
This memorial was put up in 1887 by  
some members of the family.

BLESSED MARTIN OF PORRES. THE LAMENT OF IRELAND FOR  
HER CHILDREN,

(1639.)

Not among the saints renowned,  
Not among the martyrs crowned;  
Yet a ray of tranquil glory  
Shines upon St. Martin's story,  
Whom the Church did well decide  
Meet to be beatified!

Quick and passionate for good,  
Beat his eager Southern blood;  
Serving God and his Redeemer,  
At St. Dominic's of Lima;  
Reconciler from his birth,  
A meek heritor of earth.

Self accounted last and least,  
He was friend of man and beast;  
Full of strange and gracious fancies,  
As an Anthony of Francis!  
Finding nothing mean or small,  
Dearly was he loved of all.

Not a living thing that stirred  
But his voice obedient heard;  
Snakes grew tamer for his charming,  
Angry creatures ceased from harming,  
Even the marauding rat  
Supping with the Convent cat!

Stealthy puma in his lair,  
Wily fox or tim'rous hare,  
At his will would eat together;  
And in burning summer weather  
Hawks their quivering wings out-  
spread,  
As a shelter for his head!

Little children with him played,  
By the nests the ants had made;  
Men at variance with each other  
Sought in haste the kindly brother,  
And were won to peace again  
By his tender look of pain.

Artists painted him of old,  
Standing in the Convent fold,  
In his habit, tall and saintly,  
And beneath depicted quaintly  
Hordes of little eager mice  
Listening to his good advice!

Surely now he walks serene  
In some heavenly meadow green,  
Where meek lamb and stately lion  
Pasture 'neath the walls of Slon:  
Christ accept thee, where thou art,  
Martin of the Gentle Heart!

*Christian Burke.*

Pall Mall Magazine.

She said, "They gave me of their best,  
They lived, they gave their lives for  
me;

I tossed them to the howling waste,  
And flung them to the foaming sea."

She said, "I stayed alone at home,  
A dreary woman, gray and cold;  
I never asked them how they fared,  
Yet still they loved me as of old."

She said, "I never called them sons,  
I almost ceased to breathe their  
name,  
Then caught it echoing down the wind,  
Blown backwards from the lips of  
Fame."

She said, "God knows they owe me  
nought;  
I tossed them to the foaming sea,  
I tossed them to the howling waste,  
Yet still their love comes back to me."  
*Emily Lawless.*

AT THE RAILWAY STATION.

Here the night is fierce with light,  
Here the great wheels come and go.  
Here are partings, waitings, meetings,  
Mysteries of joy and woe.

Here is endless haste and change,  
Here the ache of streaming eyes,  
Radiance of expectant faces,  
Breathless askings, brief replies.

Here the jarred, tumultuous air  
Throbs and pauses like a bell,  
Gladdens with delight of greeting,  
Sighs and sorrows with farewell.

Here, ah, here with hungry eyes  
I explore the passing throng.  
Restless I await your coming  
Whose least absence is so long.

Faces, faces pass me by,  
Meaningless, and blank, and dumb,  
Till my heart grows faint and sickens  
Lest at last you should not come.

Then—I see you. And the blood  
Surges back to heart and brain.  
Eyes meet mine—and Heaven opens.  
You are at my side again.

*Charles G. D. Roberts.*